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THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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June 29, 1867.

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### DETAILS OF THE REFORM BILL.

THE appointment of the Boundary Commissioners was a very delicate matter, and the Government has shown much tact and good judgment in the mode in which it has dealt with it. Mr. DISRAELI is freely accused by indignant Liberals of having contrived his scheme of redistribution for party purposes; and any one who has an intimate knowledge of any of the localities affected, who can produce reliable figures, who will show how the job has been managed, and how it can be avoided, is quite right in exposing it, and in doing all he can to avert the mischief. But vague denunciations of partiality go for nothing, and the main charge made against the Government is a very futile one. It is said that towns are taken out of counties to be erected into separate boroughs, and that then new seats are given to the counties thus robbed of a portion of their urban constituency. If unrepresented towns are to be made boroughs, they must be taken out of counties; and if new seats are to be given to counties, and these seats are to be given to the most important counties, it is simply impossible to do anything but what the Government has done. It would be absurd that, because new Yorkshire towns are to be made boroughs, Yorkshire should have no new members, and that the new county seats should be given exclusively to counties which contain no thriving and rising towns not now represented. It may be true that a third member should be given to a few large towns, provided the disastrous fallacy of the cumulative vote were decisively and finally abandoned. But it is not at all probable that the Government hesitates about giving this third member from party motives. It is very possible the Conservatives might gain rather than lose by a third member being returned in very large constituencies. That the Government is altogether above party jobs we should be very sorry to affirm. Scotchmen confidently assert that there are flagrant and manifest jobs in the Scotch scheme of redistribution, and they adduce particular instances, and show how the Government scheme would work. But we do not know that in the English Bill there is any party job which is apparent, and which has been, or can be, exposed. Certainly in the appointment of the Boundary Commission the conduct of the Government has been conspicuously fair. It submitted the names of the intended Commissioners to the House, and when the names of the Commissioners were criticized freely, but not intemperately, by Mr. BRIGHT, it at once yielded, and struck out three very unobjectionable names to make room for that of Sir FRANCIS CROSSLEY. It would have been better perhaps to have omitted the name of Mr. WALTER, for though it may be desirable that the decisions of the Commissioners should be defended in Parliament, it adds to the monotony of life to know beforehand that we shall find them defended every morning. But the appointment of Mr. WALTER cannot be called a party one; and now there is no one on the Commission who is simply a great Tory landowner, as Lord PENRYN would have been. The Commissioners have a very difficult task before them, for there is no principle applicable to boroughs generally by which they can be guided. Try as hard as they may to be just and honest, they are sure to give offence and inflict many bitter disappointments. A partisan could tell whether it would do his side most good to include the suburbs of a borough in the constituency, or to leave them out; and a theorist who wished to include as many urban voters in counties as possible, or to leave out all he could, would know how to set to work. But the most strictly impartial person, indifferent to the success of Liberal or Conservative, and to the rival claims of counties and towns, must necessarily arrive at decisions for which he himself could scarcely account. The country, however, will care more perhaps that the decisions of the Commissioners should be impartial than that they should be

right. And the Government has done its best to raise beforehand the anticipation that the decisions will be impartial, and has sedulously removed every ground for asserting that any particular decision may be set down as a Conservative job.

How very difficult it is to prevent bribery by statutory enactments may be gathered from the long discussion which took place on the wording of the clause by which the corrupt payment of rates in order to place the name of the nominal ratepayer on the register was declared to be an act of bribery. It may be confidently anticipated that no conviction will ever take place on the clause as it now stands. It was agreed that one man may pay another's rates, or may lend money so that the borrower may be enabled to pay his rates and register himself; and if the lender expects to be repaid, this is a purely commercial transaction, and has nothing to do with bribery. This must obviously be so, or else an ordinary act of kindness to a poor neighbour might bring a philanthropist within the reach of the criminal law. Nor is the expectation of repayment always necessary to exonerate the lender or donor from a charge of bribery. If the donor gives the money in perfect indifference which way the voter votes, then he commits no offence. In order to make the act punishable, the person who finds the money must find it on the understanding, or with the ascertained object, that the voter shall vote in a particular way. Any one, therefore, except a candidate or a recognised party agent, may pay the rates of any voter, for no one can prove that he does not do so from sheer kindness; and a candidate or an agent may pay them if he does but take the precaution of bargaining that he shall be repaid. The only real use of the clause will be that a candidate or sitting member, who is asked to find money to pay rates, may reply that he thinks it will be dangerous to himself to do so; and if he were not thus protected, he might regularly be called on to pay the rates of a large portion of his supporters. But in proportion as the candidate is thus screened, the influence of local political committees will increase. There will be a regular party organization in each borough, which will supply funds for hesitating ratepayers, and the managers of which will always take care to protect themselves by nominally treating the payment as a loan, and sometimes insisting on repayment where an example is wanted to terrify the faithless or the wavering. The representatives of boroughs will thus be more and more the nominees of local cliques, just as are the representatives of American districts. One obvious cure for this evil is to abolish that connexion between ratepaying and voting which the new Reform Bill borrows from the existing law, but which is totally indefensible in theory, and which, when it has served its purpose of luring the squires to adopt household suffrage, will be thrown as a very small baby to the wolves of a new agitation.

For a small point, and one the settlement of which one way or the other made no great difference, nothing was more fitted to raise a good discussion than the proposal that copyholders and long leaseholders in boroughs should be placed on the same footing as freeholders, and that they should have a vote for the county, although their tenants might have a vote for the borough. There were two main arguments for adopting the proposal. In the first place, a copyholder or a long leaseholder has just as good a piece of property as the freeholder; or, at any rate, such slight varieties as may exist in the values of the different kinds of property can be easily expressed by a difference in the figure of the qualification. But the general principle seems the same. The man of property in a county is to vote, although another person resident on that property may happen to have a vote for a borough. In the next place, to cut out copyholders or long leaseholders from voting for counties on qualifications in boroughs, will be to disfranchise many persons who at the present moment have a vote. A copyholder with two houses on his land in a borough,

each let for 6*l.*, has a vote for the county; but under the present Bill each of his tenants will get a borough vote, and he will lose his county vote. It happened that, immediately before the discussion began, Mr. DISRAELI had said that he wished the Bill to be free from every taint of disfranchisement, and urgent appeals were made to him to be true to his sentiments, and not to disfranchise copyholders. But he turned a deaf ear, for he went on a different principle. He would not agree that it was right that freeholders in boroughs should have county votes. It was very wrong that they should have them, and the anomaly was only left standing because it was very old and was hallowed by prescription. The abuse must be suffered to remain, but its mischief need not be extended. This was the same argument that had been used in discussing voting papers. If it was right in itself that non-residents should have a great many votes in different counties, it might be wise to give them voting papers so as to enable them to use all their votes comfortably; but if this voting of non-residents is an abuse, then there should be no new facility for voting given them. We are inclined to think that the Government was right, for the proper thing is that each man should have a vote for only one election, and that in respect of the qualification on which he resides. The Liberals looked on the matter from a party point of view, and wished to increase the number of urban county electors. But it must be remembered that it is equally important to prevent county votes being created for non-residents, and the same principle is virtually at stake on both issues. The Government certainly had the merit of sticking by the principle they had adopted, for they separated themselves from the great body of their supporters on the question whether residents in colleges should have votes for the University towns. The mass of the Conservatives held that it was very desirable to give as many votes as possible to persons ordinarily so Conservative as college dons; but the Government very properly considered that distinct constituencies should be kept distinct, and that college dons were sufficiently represented by their University members. It was no great matter which way the point was decided, but it is some pleasure to find that the Government has, for once in a way, a distinct principle to go on, and that this principle is probably the right one.

#### ROME IN CONSISTORY.

A CONSISTORY in which four hundred Bishops from all quarters of the world listen to a solemn address from the Head of the Latin Church is not unimpressive even to the secular or heretical imagination. The prelates were assembled from all parts of the civilized world, and many bore titles derived from regions still occupied by infidels, in token of a conquest long deferred, but still at some future time to be accomplished. Numbers and unanimity naturally produce confidence, and the assembled representatives of the Episcopacy probably forgot for the time how imperfectly the real state of society in any country corresponds to the conventional theory of ecclesiastical unity. The belief in that body of faith, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, renders it easy to forget that it is not either everywhere established or universally accepted. Archbishop MANNING and his English colleagues are perhaps supposed, at Rome, to exercise spiritual government over that "most flourishing kingdom of England," which is not officially known by the Holy See to have successively expanded itself into Great Britain, and ultimately into the United Kingdom. In Eastern Europe Russia appears likely to extinguish the Latin Church by the same process which was three centuries ago successfully applied to Protestantism in Spain and Italy. But even persecution and incurable schism are not so fatal to ecclesiastical pretensions as the prevailing indifference of the educated laity in Roman Catholic countries to the teaching of the Church. No State, except perhaps Spain, is now controlled by clerical influence, and the four hundred Bishops have far less power over opinion than the same number of newspaper writers. Nevertheless, the absolute chief of so great and widespread an organization may pardonably cherish feelings of pride when he recognises the loyalty and disciplined obedience of so many exalted functionaries. The officers who were present in the Consistory command a powerful army of priests, and the women and peasantry of the greater part of the Continent are to a large extent directed by their counsels. DRYDEN's milk-white hind has, before and since his time, often been doomed to die; and many generations have regarded with astonishment a vitality which may still be prolonged, although it will from age to age decrease in vigour. Spasmodic concentration of the strength

which remains is, in figurative as in physical decay, a common form of protest or reaction.

It would have been inconsistent with the dignity of the POPE to have departed on a solemn occasion from the conventional language which satisfies clerical sympathies at the cost of amusing the profane. It may perhaps have been proper to take the opportunity of reiterating the queer paradoxes of the famous Allocution which, like Lord ST. LEONARD'S statute on the interpretation of wills, traverses in whimsical detail all modern errors, including almost all modern opinions. The Bishops now know from the mouth of the POPE himself, and not by secondary or documentary evidence, that it is wrong to tolerate difference in religious belief, and that the secular arm ought to be at the disposal of the Church for the suppression of dissent. The Bishops of England and Ireland may perhaps not even have smiled at the condemnation of principles which they are accustomed to affirm for their own benefit on every possible occasion. They probably hold that the toleration of error has no connexion with the right to hold the truth; and it must be owned that propositions couched in ecclesiastical Latin always produce the impression that they were never meant to be seriously believed. The compiler of the famous Allocution probably executed his task as an English text-writer collects and arranges the authorities on a special branch of the law. In both cases the accumulation of judicial decisions forms the basis of the treatise, and the unambitious author cares little whether the points which have from time to time been in dispute have been rightly settled. On whatever questions Rome has spoken, Rome once more speaks in the same sense, and generally in the same words. There is something imposing in absolute disregard of all changes in conviction or practice, as when the POPE censures the neglect of princes to protect the Church and to execute her decrees. Pretensions which might have provoked resistance against GREGORY VII. or INNOCENT III. may safely be enunciated by a POPE who has no longer the power to enforce his commands. Comminations which no longer cause uneasiness or alarm are as easily delivered as they are useless. The Church has ceased to punish contumacy by interdicts since the faithful became comparatively indifferent to the suspension of religious ceremonies.

Many thoughtful persons who have no direct sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church rely on the power of Rome as the best security against revolutionary and anarchical doctrines. It is undoubtedly true, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. WHALLEY and Mr. MURPHY, that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is always, in private matters, used on the side of morality and good order. It is only when politics, and especially when the supposed interests of the Church, are at stake, that obedience to a law accepted as paramount is too apt to overrule regard for the distinction between right and wrong. Under certain circumstances, priests, who at Rome profess implicit obedience to rulers, too often become dangerous demagogues. The Roman Catholic clergy are still more prone to support corrupt and tyrannical Governments, in return for protection and favour to themselves. The petty tyrants of Italy were always favourites of the Church, which has displayed the bitterest hostility to a national Government. On the whole, perhaps, it is not desirable that the hold retained by the Church on masses of the population should be seriously diminished. Zealous Protestants may declare that the duty of spreading the truth is paramount, and they persuade themselves that the alternative lies between the Roman Catholic religion and their own purer creed; but, whatever may have been the case at the time of the Reformation, Protestantism is no longer included in the popular Latin faith. An Italian is either a Roman Catholic or an unbeliever, unless he can invent a form of faith for himself. A new schism in the South of Europe would probably divide society into two hostile sections. It is better that the popular creed should be gradually and silently modified than that it should be violently overthrown; and, in the general advance of democratic power, it is not inexpedient that there should be a centre of perpetual reaction.

The POPE has confirmed the remarkable rumour that he intends to illustrate his reign by the assemblage of an Ecumenical Council. The proposal might seem to recognise the actual existence of some limit to his own personal authority, and perhaps the business of the Council will be to sanction a formal acknowledgment of the absolute power which provisionally needs its concurrence. One article has been added to the creed by the POPE's authority, and it only remains for a Council to declare that PIUS IX. and his successors are infallible. The universal submission of the clergy to the doc-



trine of the Immaculate Conception proves that the Pope has neither resistance nor hesitation to fear. The Council will obey orders, and its members will perhaps not be unwilling to heap additional titles and capacities on the Sovereign Pontiff. If it is once more thought proper to consult the Bishops of the Church on the opinions prevailing among their flocks, a unanimous response will be returned to the question whether the Pope is exempt from error in the exercise of his spiritual functions. The great body of Roman Catholics and of Protestants probably suppose that the dogma has long since been adopted, although morbid consciences have sometimes been troubled by the discovery that infallibility rests only on general opinion. Unless it should be thought expedient to make the Council declare the inviolability of the Pope's dominions, it is difficult to anticipate the nature of any other business which can employ the spiritual Parliament of the inhabited world. The Councils of Basel and Constance had Popes to censure or heretics to burn; and the Council of Trent, itself serving as a substitute for the free Assembly which had long been demanded by nations and by princes, elaborated in the interest of Rome the lax doctrines and practices of the middle ages into a new and elaborate system. The proposed Council of Rome has no religious difference to adjust, for bishops, priests, and laity are all agreed on doctrinal questions; and, except in the matter of infallibility, the supremacy of the Pope seems to be unalterably established. It will be impossible for the Holy See to blind itself to the indifference with which the decrees of the Council will be received by the outside world. The Russian Government, which now alone continues or revives the old practice of persecution, cares little whether an anathema provoked by logical adoption of the principles of the Allocation is uttered by a Pope or by a Council. Antiquaries will watch the show with interest, as all the ancient forms will be carefully observed; and perhaps a lay politician here or there may believe that the Council will strengthen the Pope for good or for evil. There is no reason for any anxious Protestant above the level of the Birmingham rioters and their instigators to be alarmed at the prospect of a General Council.

#### FUTURE ELECTIONS.

MR. FAWCETT'S proposal to throw the expenses of the mere machinery of elections on the constituencies, instead of on the candidates, suggests the curious and interesting question what elections will be like in future. There can be no doubt that a very considerable change will take place, but the nature of this change could only be affected in a minute degree whether Mr. FAWCETT'S proposal had been adopted or rejected. Theoretically, there is much to be said for making a borough bear the expenses of the returning officer. It is for the benefit, not of the candidate, but of the constituency, that the member is sent to Parliament, and the party benefited is the party that ought to pay. Practically, of course, a seat in Parliament is considered to be a good thing which is in the patronage of the constituency, to be given to the most pleasing of the candidates; but in the conception of constitutional law, it is the constituency that wishes to have a member, and the person elected is only elected to fulfil the honourable desire of his constituents for political representation. That this is the right theory is incontrovertible. A member of Parliament goes to Westminster to accomplish active public purposes, not to be asked to the parties of great people who fear him a little and despise him very much. It would, as Mr. MILL urged, do something to bring the right theory home to the rude minds of British voters if they had to bear the expenses of the election, and if the candidate did not from the outset come before them as a man with plenty of money, seeking for a private advantage. But, unfortunately, the particular change proposed only met the difficulty to a very small extent, and was subject itself to one or two great drawbacks. It would multiply useless contests, and thereby increase that fear of dissolution which is even now one of the chief causes of the timidity and servility of the House of Commons. But it would do hardly anything to favour the candidature of men of moderate means. The constituencies would hate persons who put them to expense without spending money in return, and everything would be done to discourage the attempts of poor men, without a chance of success, to increase the rates for the gratification, as it would be said, of their own vanity. The payment by others of his proportion of the expenses of the returning officer would make no perceptible difference in the difficulties that prevent a poor man being returned. The expenses of advertising, of agents, and of carrying voters to the poll far exceed the mere expenses of

the hustings and the polling-booths; and when he is elected, a poor man is not made in any way richer by being in Parliament. To enable poor men to contest constituencies successfully and comfortably, all the expenses of the election must be borne by others, and he himself must be paid while he sits in Parliament. Things may come to this some day, but fortunately they have not come to it yet. Englishmen, as a rule, do not like poor people. They have a nervous shrinking from poverty even in its most honourable forms, and Mr. LAING only expresses, a little more boldly than others would have expressed it, a general feeling that Parliament ought to consist of men who can afford to drop one or two thousand pounds every election at the very least. There ought to be a few poor men in Parliament just to produce an ornamental variety, and to pay a kind of homage to the tradition of the British Constitution that there is no rask, no post, and no honour to which the very poorest subject of the Crown may not rise. But Parliament ought mainly to be, in the opinion of Mr. LAING, and in the opinion of the great majority of English people, a Parliament of rich men. While, therefore, the payment of the hustings and polling expenses would be theoretically right, it would do nothing really to favour the chances of poor candidates; and although it is best to do that which is theoretically right when possible, and although the adoption of Mr. FAWCETT'S proposal would have been a useful hint to constituencies that elections are not mere matters of private bargaining, yet the rejection of this proposal has done no serious harm.

In some respects the elections of the future will, we may anticipate, show an improvement over those of the past. The frippery of elections will, it is to be hoped, gradually fade away. There will be less of that brutal debauchery, that utter demoralization of all but the most respectable classes, which makes English elections a byword. There is hardly anything of it now in very large constituencies; and as the constituencies will, on the whole, be very much enlarged, there will be more decency in most localities, owing to the greater number of voters, and to the necessity of controlling these voters by a standing system of organization. The nomination, the absurd speeches at the hustings, the idiotic compliments to the women, the dead cats, the rotten eggs will all pass away when an election ceases to be a contest between two mobs, each belonging to a great man. There will be hardly any bribery by Men in the Moon and other mysterious strangers with bags of sovereigns. There will be no Lambs or Lions waiting till half-past three to be bought. That some of the constituencies will not throw away all their old habits at once may be very true, but the tendency of a substitution of large constituencies for small ones will be to make elections more decent and business-like, and to reduce greatly the value of the individual voter. Small constituencies will still be left, it is true, even after the Bill of this Session is passed; but it must be remembered that these small constituencies have had a strong lesson given them, and will henceforth hold their elections under the eye and in constant fear of the larger constituencies. The working classes, when acting under the leadership of the higher classes, think themselves released from all responsibility, and fall, on public occasions, into the utmost disorder and brutality. But when they are acting for themselves they are on their best behaviour, and rather enjoy exercising over each other sufficient tyranny to create a general appearance of decency and order. People who are just beginning to rise in the world will go through great discomfort in order to satisfy a conventional standard of respectability. This is the reason why almost all Americans dress night and day in suits of solid black cloth. As garments, these clothes are in the last degree hot, stiff, and uncomfortable; but as signs of respectability, as protests against popular contempt, they are acceptable, because they are efficacious. The more the working-classes feel their political power, the more they will insist on an external solemnity and order. And not only will the inhabitants of large towns set the example of comparative decency, but they will insist that their example is followed. If the inhabitants of large Northern towns control themselves at election time, they will not long endure that the inhabitants of small Southern towns should continue the ordinary disgusting practices and outrageous follies of English elections. On the other hand, the outward bearing of candidates will change. It will not be enough for them to appear once or twice on the balcony of a public-house and grin, and shake their pockets, and stop short, and mumble a few words about their own proud position and the blessings of living in England. They will have to address large bodies

of supporters, and to address them so as to be in some measure endurable to hear. Painful as it is to think of the cost of discarded habits and traditions at which the lesson will be learnt, Englishmen aspiring to public life will have to learn to speak audibly, and to speak two or more sentences running without staring into the crown of their hats. This also will not come at once. The great men, and the sons of very great men, will for a long time be allowed to speak with that indistinctness and incoherence which is so becoming to them; but the ordinary candidate will have to make himself heard, and to go on speaking when he has begun; and this is in its way quite as great a change as the sobriety of the humble electors will be, if ever it is brought about.

The greatest change, however, which will mark future elections will be the amount of preparatory organization which will be brought to bear on them. Hitherto there have been only two parties to an election—the electors, and the candidate, with his agents, his political principles, and his money. Henceforward there will be a third party—the local Committee. In order to win an election, it will be necessary to get voters on the register, and keep them there, and see that they vote. This will probably be attempted, as the experience of America shows, by an elaborate system of caucuses, and vigilance men, and subscribers to party funds. Much needless speculation is, we think, wasted on the discussion whether the Reform Bill will be most favourable to the Conservatives or the Liberals; and the silly cry for relief, even at the eleventh hour, for the poor, deluded, oppressed Liberals has not quite died away even yet. It is a matter of supreme indifference to all except those who are to benefit by a party triumph which side is to win by the Reform Bill, so long as Conservative and Liberal mean what they do now. It makes no matter which is in, except that the Conservatives do what the Liberals talk of doing. There is only one great measure which is supposed to be a distinctly Liberal measure, and not a Conservative one, and that is the alteration of the present position of the Irish Church. But it is quite needless, in order to effect this alteration, to frame a Reform Bill so as to get new seats for the Liberals. Mr. DISRAELI is quite as likely to alter the position of the Irish Church as Mr. GLADSTONE is, and if he alters it at all he will alter it, not with the lingering stroke of a man who has a tenderness for Churches, but with the bold freedom of a man who is perfectly unprejudiced and impartial. The real question of future elections is not whether what we now call Liberals or what we now call Conservatives will be returned in this place or that, but who will organize parties in the constituencies, and what will be their object. The Trades' Unions, we may be sure, will organize. They have the great advantage that they start with an organization all ready for action, while other organizations have to be devised and carried out. What these organized bodies will want in candidates is either rich men who will contribute to their funds, give them social countenance, and support them in adversity, or else clever, energetic men, who will be a credit to them, expound their views, and work on public opinion in the desired direction. Either wealth, therefore, or a total absorption in public life, and very often in some very special form of public life, will be the qualification of a candidate, except where, as in many counties and some boroughs, the influence of a family or the prestige of a name overbears all opposition, and makes the election of a particular candidate seem as necessary and natural as the sequence of night and day.

#### THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

THE Cretan insurrection is not yet suppressed, and the imaginative powers of its promoters appear to have been invigorated by constant practice. The insurgent Government, or rather some literary supporter of the cause, lately published a circular describing Turkish atrocities in language which is intended to arouse the sympathy of Christendom. In the course of two or three thousand years of hereditary mendacity, the Cretans have not yet learned that, as truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, so fiction ought, if possible, to be more credible than truth. When the Duke of ARGYLL, in the House of Lords, asked whether the Government had cognizance of the document, Lord DERBY answered that the English Consul had not confirmed the statements, although it was highly probable that Turkish soldiers might, in a contest with insurgents, have been guilty of cruelty and violence. Only a semi-Oriental writer would assert that a thousand women and children died in two nights, from cold, on a mountain height where they had taken refuge from their oppressors.

That other women were flayed alive, that harmless peasants were burnt in their houses, are, or may be, conventional flourishes merely illustrating the theme that the Christians of Crete hate the Mahometans, and that they wish the civilized world to share their detestation. The Duke of ARGYLL is too good a judge of evidence to believe in the details of the Cretan circular, and he is scarcely justified in admitting that the document contains a certain residue of truth. Historical critics have in modern times established the canon that legends must be accepted or rejected in block. The instinct by which dogmatists like NIEBUHR supposed themselves capable of distinguishing truth from fable is itself a fanciful chimera. As there is no reason, except belief in the official Cretan statement, for supposing that a thousand fugitives were frozen to death on Mount Ida, the sceptic who rejects the authority is inconsistent if he assumes that a single infant died of cold. OMAR PASHA is a civilized soldier, accustomed to European warfare, although he may possibly permit his army to commit ordinary acts of violence and rapine; and in any case the question of Cretan independence or of Turkish dismemberment is not to be solved by the accidental character of a campaign. The Provisional Government appealed to the Great Powers for protection before a shot had been fired, on pretexts of civil misgovernment and of administrative injustice and inefficiency. The excesses of the Turkish troops form an afterthought or addition to the arguments which were originally urged on the attention of European Governments. If, however, the allegations of the insurgents deserve little credit, the insurrection itself is a significant fact. The victories announced on one side or the other are for the most part apocryphal, but the continuance of the struggle is almost decisive of the triumph of the rebellion. The contending parties probably seldom meet except in incidental skirmishes. The regular troops are unable to pursue their enemy into the mountains; and, on the other hand, the insurgents are too weak to attack a regular army in the plain. As long as the Greek vessels can run the blockade at their pleasure, it will be impossible to starve the rebels into submission, and the Cretans are sagacious enough fully to understand that delay ensures final success. The Turks have no contingent alliance in prospect, and their very obstinacy arises from the conviction that foreign interference is imminent as soon as it can be excused on some plausible pretext. It is intolerable to the master of Poland that struggling patriots should be overborne by the force of an alien Government.

It is not certain whether rumoured disturbances in Bulgaria are a material diversion in favour of the Cretans, or a device for influencing the sympathy and the fears of Europe. It is fortunate that in the most bewildering department of contemporary politics authentic, though fragmentary, information is supplied to English readers by trustworthy witnesses. More than one newspaper writer, familiarly acquainted with Turkish affairs, from time to time criticizes and corrects false and exaggerated versions of Eastern transactions; and the Correspondent of the *Times* at Athens is known to be one of the first living authorities on Turkish affairs. Even ordinary English politicians may boast of the habitual distrust with which they regard purposeless or invidious declamations against Turkish misrule. Until some preferable alternative is proposed, England will not be disposed to assist in the overthrow of a Government which is to be tolerated, not because it is good, but because it exists. Greek brigands sacking Christian villages on the northern side of the Turkish frontier fail to inspire confidence or enthusiasm. A Bulgarian insurrection, if it actually occurs, will have been promoted by foreign agents; and perhaps it is, in the meantime, easier to invent and to report than to execute. When the Christian subjects of the Porte rise spontaneously against their Government, they will be allowed to try their strength without experiencing opposition.

The success of the Luxemburg Conference may perhaps resuscitate the dying faith in Conventions of the European Powers. The magical effect of a guarantee which is not a guarantee would naturally suggest the expediency of purchasing peace in the East with the same worthless coin. If the parties to the Luxemburg negotiations were to undertake the settlement of the Cretan dispute, Turkey might perhaps grant to the Christians of the island a separate administration in return for a guarantee against Hellenic aggression; and Lord STANLEY would afterwards explain that, in becoming security, he had never intended to incur any liability which could possibly accrue. As the guarantee would be collective, the secession of any party to the compact would dissolve the bond of common responsibility, and relieve the innocent neutral from the obligations which he was sup-



posed to have incurred. Lord DERBY would almost chuckle over the delusion of disputants who erroneously supposed that they had received valuable compensation for the abandonment of their claims; and it might be reasonably hoped that Turkey would be as simple-minded as Prussia, to the extent of even believing that a warranty implied the duty of defending the rights to which it applied. Down to the present time, the English Government has been judiciously backward in tendering either interference or advice. It is, in fact, useless to urge upon the SULTAN the direct or indirect surrender of his sovereignty, if no good or evil consequences are to follow from his rejection of well-meant advice. The counsels of France and Russia provoke in Turkey a not unnatural suspicion. The Porte reasonably apprehends the extension of Russian sympathies to other possible insurgents, and the shifty policy of France makes reliance on the Emperor NAPOLEON'S promises difficult and dangerous. It is perfectly understood at Constantinople that the sudden change in the policy of Austria has been caused by Russian pressure in Galicia, and in other Slavonic provinces.

A Conference is a useful contrivance for accomplishing a common object. During the Luxemburg dispute both France and Prussia were, with good reason, anxious to preserve the peace, and it was the business of the neutral Powers to invent decorous methods of escaping from an almost accidental quarrel. A notorious contractor lately vindicated his conduct in failing to apply large sums of money to their proper purpose, on the ground that the securities which he ought to have redeemed were worthless pieces of paper. In nearly the same manner, though for a more laudable object, Lord STANLEY bought off the irritation of Prussia with a concession which he has since described as altogether nugatory. It is, unfortunately, doubtful whether the same kind of currency will pass readily in the East. Turkey requires no artificial inducement to effect any moderate compromise with domestic malcontents and foreign advisers. Russia, on the other hand, cherishes designs which would be probably incompatible with acquiescence in the decisions of any Conference. From many conflicting statements it may be inferred that troops have been gradually moving southward, to be concentrated on the frontiers of Austria and Turkey. A perfect understanding has been established between the Governments of St. Petersburg and of Athens, and the Russians scarcely disguise their participation in the agitation for the independence of Crete, and for the eventual annexation of the island to Greece. The ulterior object is less the aggrandizement of the kingdom than the establishment of a Russian protectorate in all the provinces of European Turkey. There can be little doubt that France, which has nothing to gain, and that Austria, which has much to lose, have been respectively duped and terrified into offers of co-operation. The refusal of England to concur in the representations to the Turkish Government has perhaps induced Austria to pause in a novel and invidious course of action. With foreign aid the Cretans will probably achieve independence.

#### THE IRISH CHURCH.

A DEBATE on the Irish Church is the sort of occasion which the leader of Opposition would naturally select as the conventional mode of vindicating his dignity of place in the House of Lords. Like the Peer's robes, it may be put on once a Session, to keep up the tradition and the picturesque element of Earl RUSSELL'S political rank. Beyond this it would seem to come to very little. A distant day is announced for the discussion, one so distant that it gives the mover time to collect his thoughts and even to adopt second thoughts, and a careful speech is got up, and in due time delivered. Earl RUSSELL'S speech of last Monday was not a bad one, and it has a literary and artistic look, as though it were intended rather for posterity than for any immediate result which might attend its utterance. The peculiar position which Earl RUSSELL occupies with respect to this particular question prevents him from being credited with any other relation towards it than that of a sophist of the old type. It is a subject, not an object, to him. As leader of the Opposition, this is at least the second time that he has advocated the necessity of some dealing with the Irish Church; and as Minister he has twice declined to follow out his own counsels. Once he gained office by recommending the famous Appropriation Clause, which he was prudent enough to drop when it became his duty to turn his theory into legislation, and it was only last year that, as Minister, he declined, on Lord GREY'S recommendation, to

do what this year, as ex-Minister, he recommends. To be sure this inconsistency is of less political importance now, as we have during the present Session accustomed ourselves to inconsistency of more insolent dimensions, and Mr. DISRAELI'S great example may well exculpate Lord RUSSELL from the imputation. That there was but little of novelty in Lord RUSSELL'S speech is no fault of his; the arguments for or against confiscation or redistribution of the present ecclesiastical endowments, or for admitting the Roman Catholics to an equal or superior share in them, or for subsidizing all the sects, or for suppressing all religious payments, have been so often produced that it is superfluous to review them.

We may, however, as well point out some of the difficulties which attend Lord RUSSELL'S argument. Beginning at first principles, he lays it down that the existence of the Protestant Church in Ireland is inconsistent with the constitutional doctrine of an Establishment. This phrase, constitutional doctrine, is a very vague one, and in practice it means what anybody chooses to call constitutional. We are far from saying that a Church Establishment for a very small minority of religionists is not a very strange thing, and an arrangement which it is very difficult to justify, or even to account for. It is a thing which it would be impossible to start were it known what would come of it, or what it would grow or perhaps dwindle to. But it is not to be pronounced against simply on the dicta of essay-writers. Earl RUSSELL says it is unconstitutional, because WARBURTON and PALEY enounced theories of an Establishment to which the Irish Church does not answer. This is quite true; but neither WARBURTON nor PALEY is the English Constitution any more than HOBBS of old or Mr. GLADSTONE of twenty years ago. However the Irish Church is dealt with, it will be on very practical, immediate, and untheoretical grounds, not on literary ones. And when Earl RUSSELL brackets WARBURTON and PALEY, does he mean to say that their views of the relation of Church and State were identical? We always thought that WARBURTON'S theory was that of an alliance and compact between two high contracting powers, and that among those who attacked this view as being based upon a fiction, the alleged treaty being as unsubstantial as the original compact from which theorists deduced the origin of civil society, was PALEY himself. Earl RUSSELL may be better read in the eighteenth-century divines than we are. But whether he or we may be right, neither PALEY nor WARBURTON, we repeat, nor both together, are the Constitution of England.

From theory Lord RUSSELL proceeds to history, and he quotes what was done in Scotland at the Revolution as what ought to have been done in Ireland long ago; when, he does not say. We are told that WILLIAM III. settled Scotland by driving out the Bishops who had been imposed on the country against the will and tastes of the people. That the people hated Popery we admit, and that the Bishops were harried and expelled is certain, but that that was the reason why Scotch Episcopacy was suppressed we deny. The facts are so curious that, for Earl RUSSELL'S better information, we produce them. The Bishop of London, COMPTON, was commissioned by King WILLIAM, in the first days of his reign, to say to the then Bishop of Edinburgh, ROSE, these remarkable words:—"The King bids me tell you that 'he now knows the state of Scotland much better than he did when he was in Holland, for, while there, he was made believe that Scotland generally all over was Presbyterian; but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy, and it is the trading and inferior sort that are for Presbytery; wherefore he bids me tell you that if the Bishops will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the Church and Order, and throw off the Presbyterians.'" This the Scotch Bishops would not do, and therefore they were suppressed. But had they accepted WILLIAM'S title, WILLIAM would, in spite of the people of Scotland, have established Episcopacy. In other words, he would have done, and owned that he would have done, and even offered to do, the very thing which is alleged as the great grievance inflicted on the Irish people; that is, impose a State religion on the country against the will and convictions of the majority. Upon whatever grounds therefore, Presbyterianism was established in Scotland, it is the very reverse of historical truth to say, as Lord RUSSELL says, that WILLIAM III. adopted the PALEY theory of an Establishment, and "at once said that in Scotland there were to be no Bishops"; because he at once said that he was resolved that there should be Bishops, *volente face populi*, if the Bishops would only have him.

But Earl Russell's accuracy or inaccuracy, his familiarity with the Constitution and history of England, is little to the purpose; the Irish Church will be dealt with, not upon its conformity to an ideal or a precedent, not upon the conditions of authority, but by the votes of that "more earnest régime" on which we are about to enter. The unpractical character of Earl Russell's speech was most forcibly shown when he came to the enumeration—for he did little more than enumerate—the four possible bases of reformation. They are—1. To leave the Protestant Establishment as it stands, and subsidize the Roman clergy from Imperial funds. 2. To eject the Protestant clergy, and to introduce the clergy of the majority into their places. 3. To confiscate the ecclesiastical property altogether, and to let the rivals sink or swim as they can, and appropriate Church property to secular purposes. 4. To readjust the ecclesiastical revenues, and to divide it in certain proportions among the three leading denominations. Although Earl Russell's motion covered all these alternatives, he did not express a very decided preference for any of them; and he did not commit himself to any *quintum quid*. The House, however, by rejecting the last clause of his motion, which affirmed the vague promise of "a more equitable application of Church 'revenues,'" has only committed itself to a Commission of Inquiry into Church property, with a view to its more productive management. Earl Russell asked for a political remedy for an external grievance; what we are to have is what is of no use, and is already more than sufficiently supplied—statistics and tables and data for constructing plans of internal management, which archdeacons and rectors, having plenty of time and mathematical skill lying idle, have already given us to satiety. The Commission which is to be issued will gain or lose a year, and we shall be twelve months hence where we are to-day.

The worst of it is that Ireland will not say what it wants. Propose what you will, and all sides raise the chorus of *Non possumus*. Endow the priesthood; but what if the priesthood will not be endowed? It is said that we should deal fairly and justly with Ireland, whether Ireland likes it or not; but fairness and justice can only be settled in England by taking into account and acting on an Irish standard of justice and fairness, which is precisely what Ireland will not or cannot give us. Any and everything will be unjust and unfair to Ireland, which Ireland does not propose, and Ireland will propose nothing. To do Ireland justice, perhaps she cannot originate a remedy. Who is Ireland, and what of Ireland are we to accept as Ireland's agent and attorney? Irish landlords—Irish priests—Irish tenant-farmers—Irish Fenians—Irish clergy? Every one of these bodies has different interests and will return a different deliverance. The Irish bishops are divided. The Bishop of Ossory is all for no surrender, missionary work, and increased means and facilities for propagandism; that is, for a religious warfare, and for exasperating differences, and for more strife and hatred and uncharitableness. The Archbishop of Dublin is trembling and presaging evil days, and, according to his mild nature, thinks that the amputation of a deanery or two, and the strangling of two or three prebends, will be a sufficient sedative. The *Times* is for giving stipends to the priests, whether they like it or not; and the *Tablet*, we suppose, represents somebody when it declares that the clerical horse will not drink, into whatever rivers of affluence he is driven. Experience tells us that whatever we do for Ireland will not satisfy Ireland, and that even the attempt to satisfy her will be resented as an affront. The conclusion would be to let, not well, but evil, alone. But this will never do—first, because to do nothing and to agree to do nothing would deprive Opposition lords and leaders, Earl Russell and Sir John Grays, of the opportunity of an annual oration; and next, because the eyes of Europe and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* are upon us, and we are always taunted by the intelligent foreigner about the Irish Church, and the Irish Church is always produced as the *opprobrium parlamenti* and a standing proof of legislative imbecility—an evil of which we can endure neither the presence nor the remedy. Meanwhile, to speak after an Irish fashion, nothing will be done in calm and comparatively promising seasons, till something is done under the influence of panic, or some future occasional outburst of Parliamentary fanaticism. The Irish Church will be dealt with some day, and as there is little hope of its being fairly dealt with, there is every chance of its being unfairly dealt with. As the patient will take no medicine, the probability is that he will be poisoned some day or the other by quacks. When Reform is impossible, Revolution is certain.

#### THE HERO OF QUERETARO.

THE American papers have settled that MAXIMILIAN is a hero of romance; and when the American papers settle that a man is a hero of romance, they take care that their hero shall have as much romance provided for him as an intelligent public will trouble itself to read. Already a copious store of legends is beginning to form itself about the hero of Queretaro. The mythical is actually growing before our eyes; and, as luck will have it, the hero of these myths is exactly the kind of man as to whom no one can say whether the stories about him are true or false. He might have said or written almost everything which he is fabled to have uttered. His style is so easy to catch. He is one of those persons who are in their way heroic, and who like to let the world into the secrets of their heroism. He is also in a very strange position; and no one can say what a man who is not very wise, who is easily excited, and who at no time is very reserved, will do under the pressure of a very novel set of circumstances. If all the stories of the last hours of his heroism and the first of his captivity are pure inventions of New York journalists, then it must be said they are very well invented. The EMPEROR is capable of having composed the extraordinary address to his subjects which is said to have been the closing act of his career; and if we disbelieve it to be authentic, the disbelief is due to a doubt how the proclamation could have been known in New York, and to the consideration that the EMPEROR does not make addresses in English, and that no one appears to have seen the original, rather than to any internal improbability. The intense indignation against the French and the French EMPEROR which gives the keynote to the address is not at all beyond what MAXIMILIAN has actually felt for months, and even years, past. He has always considered that the way in which he was abandoned by France was cruel and infamous, and he is very likely to have given free vent to his thoughts and feelings when he believed himself to be on the eve of death. A man who had sustained what he believed to be so foul a wrong could not doubt but that some adequate retribution would overtake the wrongdoer; and as it was not easy to predict what particular retribution would overtake so powerful a person as the Emperor of the French, the hope of vengeance might naturally take the form of a kind of rhapsodical prophecy that "all the monarchs of CHARLEMAGNE'S country" would demand an account of the blood of the slain. It may seem scarcely credible that the unfortunate EMPEROR should have gone on to offer himself as a warning to all ambitious princes. But this is exactly what he must have felt, and the openness with which he is supposed to have expressed the feeling is not much more than he may have been tempted to show in an hour of such supreme excitement. There is, to speak the truth, something silly in many heroes, and there is an inseparable connexion between their heroism and their silliness. GARIBALDI has said some of the silliest things that have been uttered in his day, and yet not only is he truly heroic, but his heroism would seem to lose its peculiar cast and flavour if he did not go on blessing mankind, and moaning about priests and tyrants, in a way which would cover an ordinary man with ridicule.

But even if we acknowledge that the moralizing part of the address makes us a little suspicious of the genuineness of the document, we are carried back into the region of facile credulity by the extremely characteristic mode in which the EMPEROR praises, at the close of his letter, as he had done at the beginning, the honour and valour and nobleness of his enemies, and of Mexicans generally. He cannot have had a very good opinion of Mexicans, and indeed he owed his special disaster to the treachery of a Mexican whom he had loaded with favours, whom he loyally trusted, and who sold him for a sum in gold which varies according to the taste of the particular New York paper relating the story. But he was one of those characters that love popularity, partly from a genial vanity, and partly from a sincere pleasure in knowing that they make others happy. And the EMPEROR always believed himself to be popular with the Mexicans. He honestly thought they were very fond of him; and one of his great grievances against the French was that they whom he hated so warmly kept him from being loved as much as he might have been loved by his subjects. He was very likely to have been pleased with the thought that he had been taken captive at the end of a siege in which the Imperial and Republican soldiers competed in self-abnegation and boldness. At any rate he has done his adopted country some good by the end of his career, as undoubtedly, if his life is spared and he returns to Europe, he will have done himself and his reputation



good by his chivalrous, although imprudent, attempt to hold his own against overpowering odds. It is not in vain that he is pronounced to be a hero by the American papers. He has awakened a feeling which would not have been awakened if he had gone off quietly with the French. The Americans are an impulsive and imaginative people, and they scarcely like that a hero should have lost his Crown, and perhaps his life, through their means, and to the profit of a nation which they heartily despise. The very thought that they could possibly have interceded in vain for the life of MAXIMILIAN has stung them to the quick; and if MAXIMILIAN had really been shot, there would have been a burst of anger in the States which would probably have led to immediate intervention. Even if he is what is politely termed "sentenced to exile," the Americans will still have an uneasy feeling that unless they do something of that which he honestly meant to do for Mexico, and which they are conscious that they, and they alone, prevented him from doing, they will be doing a wrong to a character they admire. Popular feeling, indeed, unless fed with continual fuel, soon fades away; and other matters may engross attention in the States, and put Mexico out of the heads of Americans for a while. It is going much too far to say that America will at once interfere in Mexican affairs because MAXIMILIAN has been made a hero. But unquestionably the disposition to view him in a heroic light, to make him the centre of legends, and to consider the honour of the States bound up in his safety, have created a willingness to intervene in Mexico which a few months, or even weeks, ago did not exist.

This address from the heroic captive of Queretaro contains so much bitter truth in it that we may be sure no copy of it will be permitted to circulate in France. The French police will not stand an open proclamation that France has been made ridiculous, that her policy has been cruel and infamous, and that swift retribution is going to overtake the dynasty of NAPOLEON. The French probably will never know the truth about Mexico, but other nations, who read as freely as they please these passionate invectives against France and LOUIS NAPOLEON for what has been done in Mexico, must wish to know so far as possible what is the real truth, and how far the French were really to blame. The truth, we believe, is this. The whole expedition was a mistake, and was from the outset exceedingly distasteful to those engaged in it. The French soldiers hated service in a country prejudicial to health, and populated as they thought by brigands. They were often very cruel in their treatment of the natives, although we do not know that the soldiery of England or of the United States would, under similar circumstances, have been much less cruel. Those in command, and all the French officials of high rank in Mexico, took up the standing quarrel with the EMPEROR, whom they considered the mere creature of France, and whose assertion of independence they resented. They made themselves most particularly disagreeable to him, and they had the power of wounding and annoying him almost every day of his life. Ultimately the expedition was abandoned by the order of the United States, and France was exposed to the humiliation, not only of yielding to the dictation of a foreign Power, but of withdrawing her troops in such a way that numbers of persons who had trusted to her protection were robbed or killed. All this is true, and it is enough to make an honest Frenchman blush with shame. But when it is said that the Emperor MAXIMILIAN was abandoned by the French, it must be understood in what sense this is true. France had made a mistake, and she had to pay for it. She had to choose between leaving Mexico and a war with the United States. She chose, at the expense of a most severe humiliation, to leave Mexico, and she chose rightly. She was too weak to hold Mexico against the United States, and, knowing this, she could not be considered bound to go through the misery of a war for an object which she could not obtain. But if it is once agreed that the withdrawal of France, however humiliating, was right, and was not a cruel or nefarious act, because it was dictated by an imperious necessity, then the mode in which this withdrawal was made was perhaps the best possible. The French did not abandon the EMPEROR; they explained to him that they were not strong enough to support him, and made the best arrangements they could for enabling him to leave the country with honour. They wished to avoid the useless struggle of a civil war after they had left, and they had arranged a plan by which a tolerable Government might be secured. The Liberals would have been quietly put in possession of all the important posts on undertaking to protect life and property. As events have shown, there was nothing better than this to be done, and it was the

EMPEROR himself who upset the arrangement, and determined to try his fortunes against those of his enemies. In this attempt he has wasted a great many lives, and made a great many Mexicans very poor and very miserable. The course which the French suggested to him was a wiser and better one, although he has become a hero by not following it, and although his heroism may now be likely to bring about that American intervention which is perhaps the greatest boon that Mexico could have.

#### SHEFFIELD AND THE TRADES' UNIONS.

SINCE we last wrote on the terrible tale of the Sheffield murders, and since the great criminal himself, BROADHEAD, added his confession to those of his accomplices or tools, we have had little more than variations on the same frightful theme. The curious in statistics have counted up the crimes, something under a score, which BROADHEAD admits; and from the known it will not be uncharitable to infer a certain residuum of unknown. We have our doubts about the complete cleansing of the lay-stall of Mr. WILLIAM BROADHEAD's breast. If we are to accept his own account, that he has at last given "a true statement," it must be because we choose to believe in the honour and truthfulness of a murderer, liar, and thief of the very first and worst magnitude. For, be it remembered, it is not so much that BROADHEAD confesses his crimes as that they have been proved in spite of him. It was thought a great thing when he owned to LINLEY's murder; but with the very same breath that he confessed this particular crime he denied that he knew anything about the assault on HELLEWELL. Of the blowing-up of FEARNEHOUGH's house, the last of his crimes, and that which last autumn filled up the cup of Sheffield iniquity and led to the present investigation, he and his friends vigorously denied all knowledge up to the very last moment; and, fresh from the Commissioners' confessional, they renewed their solemn compact to commit perjury again and again, even so late as Thursday week. And yet as regards this scoundrel, with these lies warm in his mouth, we are now asked to believe that he is all candour on Friday. We are hardly so credulous as to take BROADHEAD at his word. It is rather too much to ask us to confide in the veracity of the man who caused PARKER to be crippled for life, who blew up Messrs. FIRTH's boiler, who got HELLEWELL shot, and LINLEY shot, who blew up BAXTER's house and WILSON's house, and HOLDSWORTH's house, and MURRAY's house, and POOL's house, and FEARNEHOUGH's house, and got SUTCLIFF pounded and smashed almost to death, and who forged letters, and wrote threatening letters, and embezzled the money with which he paid his hired assassins. Nor do we quite forget that he had all along the perilous effrontery, whenever suspicion was excited, to come forward and denounce the crimes which he had instigated or counselled, or of which he had purchased the commission, as "hellish deeds," and even to attend public meetings and to complain of the aspersions cast on the Unions by such a person as Mr. HUGHES, and with all honest indignation to repel them. On the whole, we decline to take BROADHEAD's word. Again, he denies any knowledge of the Acorn Street outrage, which ended in murder; he is quite sure that his colleagues on the committee of his own particular Union knew nothing and suspected nothing of his complicity with the crimes which he confesses, and that, in their auditing and passing his accounts, they never found out his embezzlements, or the pleasant way the money went. But he does admit that the sum of 150*l.* or 200*l.* which he says that he stole for "rat-tenings," some two hundred in number, was supplemented "from other sources," and that the officials of two other trades "agreed to do something," in conjunction with himself, "to bring about a settlement" in a particular case, which settlement ended in blowing up FEARNEHOUGH's house, though he does not think that he stated to his brother secretaries "what course he intended to adopt." But when this course was adopted, "what he had done appeared to give satisfaction to BARTON and SKIDMORE, the other secretaries, and they paid 15*l.* towards CROOKES' salary for the intended murder or murders. Confidence is a plant of very slow growth, and we attach but little weight to this ingenuous Mr. BROADHEAD's denials. We cannot forget that only last week BROADHEAD declared himself quite as innocent and quite as ignorant of the Sheffield crimes, and as indignantly denounced them, as other officers of other Unions still do, who are at present to be supposed to have no guilty knowledge. To believe in the veracity of the secretaries of the other Unions, after the accounts they have given of the mutilation and destruction of the minute-books of their societies, would be a hazardous stretch of confidence, of which we must plainly own

ourselves incapable. We trust that we have got to the bottom of the iniquity; but we are not sanguine. If the Unions generally know nothing, or rather if they have taken care to know nothing, of what has been done for years in Sheffield, this fact itself strongly condemns these organizations. Sheffield has the pre-eminence in working the Union principle. Sheffield gives the *mot d'ordre* to the whole kingdom. BROADHEAD is not only the most forward and trusted Unionist in Sheffield, but Treasurer to the National Association of Organized Trades, with its sixty thousand members, including every variety of trade and craft. To know what comes of Unions, in their most developed and successful result, we must go to Sheffield. To know what Sheffield is we must study BROADHEAD.

And it is by no means too soon for the Unions to lay this matter to heart. Mr. GEORGE POTTER has taken the alarm. He has convoked special meetings of the London Working Men's Association and of the delegates of the various trades, and they have passed some strong resolutions. They say that they were totally unprepared for what has come out at Sheffield. The more disgrace to them. None so blind as they who will not see. All, or nearly all, that has been brought to light was, if not actually known, vehemently and grievously suspected. One Sheffield newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*—which has done such good service in demanding the Commission, and whose editor's life was in consequence not safe for months—all along pledged itself to the fact that the officials of the Unions would be found to be seriously compromised. And the sources of information open to a newspaper must have been open to a secretary of the Union, if he had been at the trouble of inquiring. We do not charge Mr. POTTER or his friends with anything more criminal than culpable ignorance. But Mr. POTTER is a man of energy and intelligence, and, with his command of special means of knowledge, ignorance is culpable in the highest degree. It is very well for him to protest "against the attempts now being made by the opponents of all trades unions to connect, for their own purposes, trades unions generally with the atrocious crimes perpetrated at Sheffield;" but we must remind Mr. POTTER that our own purposes, if we are to be identified with enemies of Trades Unions, are only to prevent the disorganization of English society, and to render English trade possible—purposes with which we believe Mr. POTTER has not lost all sympathy. Nor can we avoid pressing another matter on Mr. POTTER's serious attention. He admits that he and his friends have "long been apprehensive that the management of the Sheffield trades, or some of them, was such as could not be sanctioned by Unionists generally," and they now record "their indignation at the lax way in which their accounts have been kept, and BROADHEAD's deeds paid for from the Union funds." If they have long been apprehensive of all this, did they ever protest? If not, why not? Or why did they, with these suspicions, identify themselves as long as they could with the Sheffield cause? And this brings us to the root of the matter. Is it so very unfair to connect the acts and deeds of Sheffield with the Union cause?

Ingenious writers have been found clever enough to suggest not so much a palliation as a *rationale*, and what they consider, or affect to consider, an ethical account, of BROADHEAD's career. Some of this special pleading we dealt with last week in reviewing the *Beehive's*—that is, Mr. POTTER's—timid apology. Sheffield, it seems, is exceptional in its crimes because its character is a full-blooded one. One would have supposed that the intelligence and supremacy claimed by this suggestion for Sheffield ought to have told the other way, and ought to have kept it from crimes which one would have antecedently thought were only possible among Malays and Thugs. But something more is pleaded. Because a man works at a dangerous trade which shortens his life, and at which he earns enormous wages, therefore, we are told, he is familiarized with violence, and becomes passionately, if not almost justifiably, tempted to make hay while the sun shines, and to exclude others both from his exceptional dangers and his exceptional winnings at this hazardous game of life. Traced to its original fallacy, this excuse for murder only means—as the sermon has often been preached, and a very dangerous one it is—that there is a taint of virtue in every crime, and that every error is but the excess of some latent and imperfectly appreciated excellence and good. As a matter of fact, the generalization is rash and hasty which asserts that all artisans engaged in dangerous trades are careless of human life. If this were so, we should find engine-drivers bloody-minded; and sailors, who live with only a plank between themselves and eternity, would be constantly guilty of mutiny,

piracy, and murder; and miners would, from the necessity of their hazardous vocation, have taken to blow up and mutilate their fellow-workmen. And as to the selfish motive put forward to account for the vehemence with which rattening and gunpowder plots are cultivated at Sheffield, as the natural result of "a passionate desire to retain an advantage," we do not see why poor Mr. PALMER is to lose the benefit of this plea for his zealous use of strychnine. He passionately desired to keep his money, and to get Mr. COOK's; so did Mr. THURTELL not to allow Mr. WILLIAM WEARE to share in his gambling winnings; while a recent murderer, TOWNLEY, who was only not hung because experts said he was mad, actually urged that he shot his sweetheart only to "retain the advantage" of keeping her to himself. It is a pity that this passionate desire in selfishness has not been pleaded to exculpate every assassin, as it might be, from CAIN to BROADHEAD.

But, dismissing these sophisms, which are, after all, only urged from the strong temptation of writing ingeniously, we must say that the Sheffield outrages are not such very unnatural or astounding results of the Trades Union principle. "Principle" we say advisedly, for all depends on this consideration. BROADHEAD's crimes are approved to himself, because he committed them from deference to what he says that he considered a sacred cause. With him the safety of the trade overrode all considerations of ordinary honesty and morality. That is, devotion to a great and engrossing cause—be it that of religion, politics, your trade, or yourself—may produce a hero, may produce a murderer. TORQUEMADA, JACQUES CLEMENT, the Pole who has just shot at the Czar, and WILKES BOOTH are rehabilitated by this view of BROADHEAD's bloody life. But let us pass this, and look at home. Parallel with the Sheffield outrages we have at our own doors the Tailors' strike. A tailor being only the ninth part of a man, we cannot, even on the ground taken by the *Beehive*, expect of the picketers the muscular and large-hearted results of a life devoted to saw-grinding. Yet, on the whole, we see but little in picketing to distinguish it from rattening. It comes to much the same thing whether you prevent your fellow-workman from earning his livelihood by stealing his tools or by frightening him and his wife from selling his labour as he pleases. Mr. POOLE's shop has not been blown up; but what his workmen want is that he should be ruined if he does not yield to the dictation of the committee of workmen. We admit that the conclave which sits at the Green Dragon in Regent Street does not come up to the superb dimensions of savagery reached in Mr. BROADHEAD's Secretary's room. All that can be said is, that we in London have not yet grown into the habits and practices of Sheffield; but it cannot be said that we are not doing our best to cultivate them. *Nemo repente, &c.* We can quite believe that Sheffield was once in a state of unripe adolescence, and that strikes and threatening letters only gradually grew into rattening, while it took a good many years before rattening itself ripened into murder. We are, here in London, as yet only in the first stage—the infancy, as M. COMTE would say, of the philosophy of trade. Humdrum moralists used to tell us that coveting or desiring one's neighbour's goods or wife led, if indulged in, to murder, adultery, and theft. What is there in picketing which may not expand into rattening? and of what rattening has grown into Mr. BROADHEAD is a standing proof. We must repeat that it matters not one farthing whether the Unions generally knew what was going on at Sheffield. If they did not know, they ought to have known; and whether they knew or not, hundreds of thousands of men are at this moment living under, and administering and recommending as their only means of life, a system which, by the most criminal means and atrocious crimes, subverts their supposed interests, and gratifies the passion of selfishness in its most intense and degrading form.

#### RAILWAYS.

**A**MONG other inconveniences suffered by the holders of railway shares is a perpetual influx of circulars either from dissatisfied proprietors or from officious advisers. Thousands of waste-paper baskets have lately been encumbered with documents issued by a Shareholders' Association lately established at Manchester for the professed purpose of checking the ambitious policy of Directors. On inquiry, it would perhaps be found that the local genius has some influence over the constitution of the new society. As England is the mother of Parliaments, so Manchester is the mother of Leagues, and there are always to be found in that city persons who are anxious to find an opening for their activity and their know-



ledge of agitation, as a contractor seeks new employment for his plant and his capital as soon as he has completed some lucrative enterprise. Astute railway practitioners and speculators in shares know how to take advantage of an organization which is almost equally available for good and for bad purposes. If a Chairman of a Company wishes to defeat a rival project, he may sometimes sow dissension in the enemy's camp by inducing an ostensibly impartial body to issue pamphlets against extension, and to forward proxies for the purpose of rejecting the schemes of hostile Directors. Busy-bodies are easily managed by leaders who have definite objects of their own, and the mass of joint-stock patriots, where they are not traitors, are ready-made dupes. Railway Boards are, as frequent experience has proved, more than fallible; but the most incapable body of Directors is more likely to promote the welfare of a Company than an extraneous League formed for the purpose of applying a rigid rule to the most various conditions of affairs. The general principle of the Manchester Association is that no new railway shall be made, and even that no new combination of interests shall be effected, unless it is brought forward in opposition to existing Boards. A curious inquirer might perhaps discover that friendly opposition to a railway is not unconnected with the interests of some rival Company. It is incredible that, even in Manchester, agitators should subscribe their money and devote their time to the interests of shareholders in all the lines in the kingdom; and it may therefore be assumed that the functions of the Association are rather to assist malcontents than to originate dissension in the councils of different railways. When a real shareholder in a flourishing Company considers that any course of policy adopted by his Board will prove disastrous, he is much more likely to sell, in anticipation of a fall, than to engage in a controversy which will almost certainly damage the value of his property; but the energetic minority performs a service to the general body by watching, and occasionally opposing, the projects of Directors.

The Shareholders' Association has lately circulated warnings against the amalgamation of the Midland Company with the Glasgow and South-Western, and it has also undertaken to advise the railway proprietors of the West of England on the conduct of their business. It happens that, under the Standing Orders, dissentient shareholders have an almost excessive power of placing a veto on new measures. No Bill for a new line, for a purchase, or a lease, can pass from one House of Parliament to the other until it has been sanctioned by three-fourths of the votes at a so-called Wharnccliffe meeting, specially summoned to consider the question. The Directors are required to furnish every shareholder with a blank form of proxy, and they are strictly forbidden to issue at the same time any circular in defence or explanation of their policy; nor can they even suggest names, selected from their own body or among their supporters, to hold the proxies of absentees. The Shareholders' Association, on the other hand, being exempt from all responsibility to Parliament, sends round proxies filled up, and accompanied by arguments and assertions which are relieved from the limitations ordinarily imposed on disputants by the possibility of an answer. The well-known principle of human nature which induces the multitude to adopt petitions or any other documents tendered for their signature ensures a considerable supply of adhesions to the policy of an active railway opposition. Innocent shareholders, receiving no answer to the assurance that their property is endangered, naturally think a negative safer than an affirmative. It is only surprising that any Railway Bill can pass through the defile of the Wharnccliffe meeting in a time when reasonable uneasiness is widely prevalent.

The Brighton proprietary are scarcely to be blamed, under present circumstances, for rejecting the new lines which had nevertheless received their approval at former meetings. In a concise and timid answer to the invectives of the Committee of Investigation, the Directors faintly defend their conduct in supplying their district with railways of their own, instead of acquiescing in the invasion of rivals and intruders. It is easy to assert after the event, or rather in the middle of a costly experiment, that it would have been less disadvantageous to submit to encroachments than to construct lines which have hitherto been unprofitable; yet a hostile line may in many cases deteriorate the property of a Company to an extent which would render a considerable sacrifice of money profitable as an alternative. Lord WESTBURY and his colleagues declare, probably on adequate grounds, that unless the new Brighton and Beckenham line is abandoned, the old Company will be deprived of a dividend for several years; but they refuse to

draw the inference that the adoption of the Surrey and Sussex line, which formed a principal argument against the Beckenham line, may have been consistent, not only with good faith, but with sound policy. Nine-tenths of the railway theorists who now denounce the Brighton extensions had in former times expatiated on the importance of awarding all new lines to existing Companies. Mr. LAING, who is quoted by Lord WESTBURY as the highest authority on the policy of railways in general, and of the Brighton Company in particular, was the author, more than twenty years ago, of the overpraised Reports which passed under the name of Lord DALHOUSIE. The only definite principle of the Reports was, on the one hand, that competition should be excluded; and, on the other, that the Companies should, as a condition of monopoly, be compelled to make the lines which were proposed by their rivals. If the LAING and DALHOUSIE system had been adopted, the Brighton Company would have been required to construct all the lines which are now indignantly repudiated. Their obligations will now perhaps be less strictly enforced, and they may probably console themselves for the unfavourable conclusions of the Committee of Investigation by the reflection that two or three millions of capital already expended will soon become productive. Mr. SCHUSTER's answer to the Report of the Committee of Investigation convicts Lord WESTBURY and his colleagues of palpable misrepresentation. A great part of the capital which they represent as having been injudiciously spent is at present unproductive, but by far the larger part of the recent outlay has been applied to suburban lines and metropolitan extensions which will in a short time become highly profitable. The statements of the Committee as to the adoption of the Sussex lines are in almost all cases diametrically opposed to the facts; nor will it be easy for the authors of the Report to defend themselves against Mr. SCHUSTER's exposure of their conduct.

It is almost certain that in the course of three or four years the prosperity of railways will increase. It requires no Shareholders' Association to warn frightened bodies of proprietors, and Boards of Directors are more likely to err on the side of backwardness than by rash outlay in extensions. Many contractors have disappeared during the last year, and those who remain will for some time be indisposed to adventure. There is much reason for regret in the disasters which have fallen on a class of public benefactors. Except in the few cases in which the security of debentures has been endangered, private speculators have promoted the general interest more vigorously than great Companies, and they have in general constructed their works as cheaply. The nominal excess of capital over expenditure, representing the price of credit, would have concerned exclusively the lenders and the borrowers in the Money-market if a fictitious issue of shares had not in some instances formed an insufficient security to mortgagees. The objection to the mode of conducting business was not that it was essentially unsound, but that the terms were not understood by private debenture-holders. The principal blame falls on some members of a profession which has scarcely received its due share of blame for recent misfortunes. Small capitalists generally consult brokers before they select their investments, and they necessarily employ them when they complete their purchases. The debentures of unsafe undertakings have almost uniformly been placed in the market by brokers who may be supposed to have received a commission proportioned to the badness of the advice which they offered to their individual clients. The numerous and innocent sufferers in all parts of the country may have imagined that the shares of Companies were fully paid up; but the Stock Exchange, or a section of its members, was familiar with the minutest details of the scandals which have since excited public indignation. It was notorious to the initiated, though not to the world at large, that a Company often meant a contractor, and that the issue of paid-up shares afforded no proof that a shilling had been paid in cash to the Company's bankers. The agents of the purchaser were privy to all the irregularities of the vendor, and they ought to bear their proportion of the blame, though it will unfortunately be impossible to fix them with the responsibility. After all, the works which have been executed furnish, in almost all cases, ultimate security to debenture-holders. In France the debenture capital largely exceeds the amount of shares, and the English rule is confessedly arbitrary. When the rights of creditors are protected, there is almost unmixed advantage in the enterprise which has introduced railways into the remotest parts of the kingdom.

## MOCK HOLLAND HOUSE.

EVER since Lord Macaulay wrote his eloquent panegyric on "that house once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world," the resort of wits and beauties, philosophers and scholars, where "the men who guided the politics of Europe, and moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, were mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals," it has been a pet ambition of the female bosom to preside over a similar institution. Holland House remains to this day the beacon and the despair of ladies who want to associate their names with what is called "an agreeable house." Yet very few of them seem to have made anything like a scientific study of their great model. It may be useful, therefore, to point out its principal characteristics. Three things combined to make Holland House what it was. The first was its prestige. From Addison to Fox, it had been the abode or resort of men famous in literature and politics. No spot in London was more thoroughly classical ground. Its traditions raised, as it were, a presumption of the social charm with which it was invested. Secondly, it was throughout regulated with exquisite taste. The ostentation of wealth was utterly eschewed. Nothing gaudy or garish found admission there, but much that was rich, elegant, and picturesque. No staring accessories threw wit and humour and conversational talent into the shade. The place was pervaded with a tone of subdued splendour which made a suitable background for the brilliant men and women who assembled in it. Thirdly, there was what Lord Macaulay calls the "peculiar character" of the circle, that in it every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. It was this well-assorted variety in the guests which made the gatherings at Holland House unlike any others. They were not mere fortuitous concurrences of atoms, like parties given on the unenlightened or Philistine principle. Still less did they resemble parties given on the monotonous principle, like the political receptions of the present day. It was left for Tory ladies to invent the theory which has weighed like an incubus on their social efforts for half a century, that, as are my lord's politics, so shall my lady's visiting list be. Nor are they to be confounded with parties given on what may be called the Leo-Hunter principle, which consists of driving a lot of notabilities together into one room. It was the aim of Holland House not merely to assemble remarkable people, but people remarkable in all sorts of different ways. Every talent and accomplishment was to be represented, every art and science was to contribute its quota. The poet should meet the painter, the soldier should exchange ideas with the statesman. It was this contact of minds trained in different careers and exercised on various objects which constituted its speciality. No doubt Holland House had its set, but it was a set in which great contrasts were included, and which was perpetually assimilating some fresh element of interest. These three "notes" of the great original must co-exist in any attempt to reproduce it with success. There must be some sort of prestige to start with. It need not, of course, be local. Houses in which Addison has lived are difficult to find. The traditions of Belgrave Square are not very inspiring. But the prestige may be personal. There must be something in the character of the host or hostess which will justify the presumption of an agreeable house under their auspices. If, for instance, some notorious bore in the House of Commons, with a notoriously insipid wife, announces "Wednesdays" or "Saturdays," their hospitable intentions are defeated by nobody's going to them. Secondly, the arrangements made for "receiving" must be tasteful, and on a scale of adequate, but not oppressive, splendour. Holland House in a barn, or even on the East side of Tottenham Court Road, would be an impossibility. Thirdly, there must be as much variety as possible among the guests. There must be political people, and learned people, and distinguished people, and beautiful people, and fashionable people. These are the three conditions on which the success of any attempt to revive Holland House must depend.

Mock Holland House is celebrated for its furniture. It is a museum of treasures of upholstery. The sofas are delicious; when you sink back on one it is like bathing in eiderdown. And there is such a variety of beautiful shapes for you to take your choice of if you are inclined to sit. You may subside into a rocking chair, which will recall the hallowed associations of your infancy by its cradle-like undulations. Or you may throne yourself on a gorgeous ottoman, and enjoy the dignified ease of an Eastern sybarite. Or you may adapt the sinuities of your frame to a well-cut and exquisitely stuffed settee, and admire the skill of the artificer in both consulting the small of your back and placing your head at the exact conversational angle. Here are couches of satin on which Sir James Mackintosh might have flirted with Madame de Staël in perfect comfort; chairs which Talleyrand, in his most brilliant vein, would not have disdained to press; mirrors in which the lovely Duchess of Devonshire would have been glad to catch the reflection of her peerless figure; footstools over which the timid writer who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls would probably have tumbled. Then nothing can be in finer taste than the carpet and the curtains. Their colour, pattern and texture are exquisite, and blend harmoniously with the silk panels and gilt cornices of the side-walls. The ceilings are adorned with chandeliers, the pendulous lustres of which shed their trembling radiance over the scene. The mantel-

piece groans with ormolu, the cabinets with china, the chiffoniers with *bric-à-brac*. There is nothing to recall the "antique gravity of a college library, no shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages"; but on the table you will find Miss Braddon's last novel. Nothing is wanting that upholstery, as the handmaid of more intellectual arts, can secure. All that the carver and gilder can do, to give point to wit or charm to beauty, has been done with lavish profusion. If bright thoughts and sparkling sayings are inspired by sumptuous surroundings, here there should be no lack of either. Mock Holland House appeals to the palate as well as to the eye. Its *cuisine* is exquisite. Monsieur Adolphe boasts that he is among the three first *chefs* in Europe. He is properly jealous of his reputation. It is whispered that when he took office he made it a condition that the attention of the guests should never be distracted, by talk or any other accessory, from his dishes. He would resign his place if a cream on which he piqued himself should, in the amusement caused by some anecdote or sprightly sally, passed untasted. He will brook no counter attractions to his own. Lions and professed conversationalists he views as dangerous rivals. Silent or murmurous appreciation is what he expects from those for whom he condescends to cater. If he does not monopolize all the honours of the banquet, the greater share of them falls to him. He is the real hero of the occasion. People say, when they are asked to dinner, not whom shall we meet, but what shall we eat. Their first thought is not of the company, but of the bill of fare. *Entrées*, not epigrams, are what they come to enjoy; not *bons mots*, but *boues bouches*. Beautiful young ladies, fed on air and five o'clock tea, cannot repress a culinary thrill when they receive an invitation. Calm young Guardsmen flash into momentary enthusiasm at the prospect of dining at Mock Holland House. And the literary diner-out, who has toddled to his club library to look up his evening's conversation, is heard to chuckle audibly on the hearthrug. The wines are worthy of the meats. The choicest cellars of the Continent have been ransacked for clarets and champagnes. Then it is impossible not to admire the consummate taste with which the table is arranged. Pyramids of flowers load the air with their fragrance. The display of plate and Dresden is magnificent. And, lastly, the waiting is perfect. It is like being attended by winged but noiseless genii. The very flunkies of Mock Holland House are superior to any other flunkies in town, while their state livery is a thing of beauty which a Lord Mayor might envy.

The mistress of Mock Holland House is not a clever woman, but, the next best thing to it, she has pretensions to cleverness. Her husband is clever, or she is sprung of a clever family. No one ever heard her say anything worth repeating, but her uncle in his time said many good things. She has written nothing that will live, but no library is complete without her husband's great work on Chimeras Buzzing in Vacuo. She is a reflector, if not a radiator, of mind. Her intellectual claims to the quondam of society will probably pass unchallenged until the day when some bookmaker of the future may perhaps insert her name among the Silly Wives of Celebrated Men, or the Dull Descendants of Witty Ancestors. Cleverness of a certain kind she exhibits—the cleverness of concealing her real emptiness. It would take an acute observer a long summer day to discover how shallow and commonplace she is. She cannot talk like Madame de Staël, or listen like Madame Récamier, but she talks glibly and at her ease, and listens without a face of foolish wonder. And her favourite theme is Art. Art, she will give you to understand, is the great charm and solace of her life. It is only in an atmosphere of art that she can breathe freely. She must be surrounded by artistic persons and artistic things. And so affluent are these art sympathies that they expend themselves on the merest trifles. The mantelpiece for the boudoir must be designed by one *virtuoso*, the fender by another, and the fire-irons by a third. If it is a question of colouring her walls pink or blue, she implores the advice of an art-critic, and the matter is settled by a reference to eternal principles. When she engages a groom of the chambers, she puts him through a catechism on the Beautiful and the True. And yet all this delicate fabric of transcendentalism rests on nothing more solid than a recent visit to Rome, a peep at the studios, and a smattering of Ruskinese. In her heart she cares for two things alone—gossip and dress. While she prattles about Form and Colour, she is secretly thinking about bonnets; while you read Dante aloud at her request, she is inwardly fretting to hear the details of the last scandal. Her toilettes are ravishing, and kaleidoscopic in their changes. On an average they vary three times a day. No sooner are your eyes dazzled by one lustrous silk, than it passes like a comet from your view into the limbo of lady's-maid's perquisites, and another yet more lustrous rivets your gaze. Her lace would supply the wardrobe of the College of Cardinals. On great occasions she is a blaze of diamonds. What she spends on the adornment of her person will probably never be accurately known. But, on the most moderate computation, her milliner's bill for the year must amount to the salary of a Secretary of State. This is serious for no one but her husband, who properly views it as a part of the necessary outlay for mounting an agreeable house, of which fine clothes, according to the modern notion, are a principal feature.

Nor is it only the arts of dressmaking and upholstery that have a prominent place in the gatherings of Mock Holland House. The art of gossip contributes some of its most brilliant representatives. There the Scandalous College musters in full force, under



the leadership of those old-young men who act as its coryphæi. There, ball-goers of forty, who seem by a natural law of development to become the arteries of scandal to the fashionable world, circulate the stories which no dowager or old maid would willingly let die. There, the veteran leader of a hundred cotillions may be heard repeating to a crony the last personality which two rival dowagers have exchanged, or the last ill-bred speech by which a duchess has illustrated the manners of a great lady. There, may be heard the details of the last Turf disclosure, the last fracas at the Opera, the last indiscretion of a brainless beauty, and the last snub which has befallen a pushing woman. There, characters are whispered away by ingenious innuendoes, and you learn, to your surprise, that Una is not virtuous nor Galahad pure. There, the art of embroidering the bare fact is carried to its highest perfection. There, the reports are manufactured which nip promising flirtations in the bud, and confound the schemes of manoeuvring mothers. But scandal and tittle-tattle are not the only intellectual features of Mock Holland House. Its pretensions demand a more direct representation of literature and science. But here a difficulty occurs, for curiously enough some of the classes who contributed largely to the lustre of the First Holland House refuse altogether to swell the triumph of the Second. Philosophers, for instance, have entirely dropped out of good society. It is said that they are afraid nowadays to venture into the streets; it is thought a wonderful thing that one has ventured into Parliament. Possibly, to the philosophic mind, Mock Holland House is as much more formidable than the House of Commons as the House of Commons is more formidable than the streets. Anyhow, from some unexplained cause, they are now never seen at an evening party. Poets, too, are increasingly shy of candle-light. They persist in preferring the downs and the sea, and leave the field of fashion to poetasters. No one is held in more honour by Mock Holland House than the cool rhymer of the drawing-room. Not quite a Horace, nor quite a Triassotin, he is modestly content with his modicum of bays, and devotes his maturer powers to the flattery of princes, and the encouragement of genius in the person of some petulant little screamer of naughty lyrics. Statesmen were another element in the circle which Lord Macaulay has immortalized. Mock Holland House can boast no Talleyrand, though now and then an orator of the first rank may find balm for his political chagrins in the smiles of its fair mistress. But there is a swarm of political small fry. Dandy politicians of the rosewater school throng the rooms. They may not have "moved great assemblies by eloquence or reason," but they have seconded the Address, or they have aired a crotchet to almost empty benches, thereby achieving a complete success of self-esteem. Then literature is represented, not indeed by men who have written great works, but by those who intend to write them. Nowhere will you find more inchoate authors, embryo novelists, and unfledged essayists. It is the literature of the future that Mock Holland House represents. The number of clever youths who are writing, or mean to write, a little book is one of its most creditable features. Some of them have already rushed into print. Noble Whiglets have a way of liberating their minds at a very early period. They are of two kinds—those who stay at home, and those who travel. The first gush in the magazines on such transparent topics as Church Reform and the Currency. The last travel to Timbuctoo or Peking for no other purpose, apparently, than to show on their return

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Exceeds a dunce that has been kept at home.

Their books may not add to the literary reputation of the peerage, but at least their publication serves to maintain its character for courage.

There still survives a remnant of old fogies whom all this luxury and display of wealth, and even these pigmy *littérati*, fail to satisfy. They miss the peculiar character of the true archetypal Holland House. They cannot abide this flaunting counterfeits, which the milliner and the house-decorator and the French cook have between them concocted. In their eyes it is not the Holland House of Whig traditions, but a puffy, dropsical imitation of it. It is not Holland House instinct with grace and wit and sprightliness, but Holland House in an advanced stage of fatty degeneration. Perhaps this is only their spite at not being invited. They might alter their tone if they now and then received a card.

#### DEMOCRACY AND REFORM.

THE first contrast which strikes an observer between the Reform agitation of thirty years ago and the agitation of to-day is the practical character of the latter, and the more limited range of its expectations when compared with the dreams of a political millennium which roused the energies of the last generation. Few persons look forward now with either hope or fear to any great change of the political balance of parties—still less, like many of the Reformers of 1830, to any revolution in the social state of the country. Indeed, there is as great an anxiety among the more thoughtful advocates of Reform as among its opponents to reduce it to its more prosaic elements. The so-called advocate of the rights of man is everywhere anxious to stand, not on any abstract, but on a purely utilitarian platform; to urge the admission of the artisan on the ground of utility—its utility to the State and to himself in the new relation it would create between them, and its consequent tendency in both ways to promote good government. For good government, it is urged, depends, first, on the

adequacy of legislation to the needs of the whole nation; and, secondly, on that cordial assent of the governed which turns legislation from a mere outer control into an inner spirit and habit of life. Ireland, for instance, shows us how futile the best laws are without the participation and sympathy of those who are legislated for; and it is contended that to secure this sympathy of all classes, and to give a wider and more national character to legislation itself by the admission of a class now excluded, is a perfectly logical application of utilitarian principles. It is a natural question why, with this general consent as to end and method, men really are as far off from one another in their mode of looking at Reform as ever they were. The truth is, people are governed by sentiment rather than by logic, and the considerations which they carefully exclude are generally those which practically influence their course on any given question. Behind all the details of suffrage and redistribution men are looking forward to the thought of democracy with a vague hope, or shrinking from it with a vague fear. Will Reform bring democratic institutions? What are democratic institutions? Shall we become another America or a second France? These are the real questions which fill men's minds when their tongues are wagging over household suffrage or the redistribution clauses. No doubt many of the hopes and fears alike about democracy spring from sheer ignorance of what democracy means—from the common confusion between political equality and social equality. An advance on the road towards democracy means, to a few foolish people, the levelling of social distinctions which they would find as offensive to their taste in democratic Uri as under the cold shade of English aristocracy; while to others, neither fewer nor less foolish, it means sheer socialism—whatever that may mean. It is of course true that the whole force of political institutions depends on their correspondence with the social state of a people; that the bitterly oligarchic character of society in the American Southern States, for instance, entirely neutralized the democratic character of their institutions; and that the chaos of political thought into which France is plunged is the result of a perpetual conflict between its morbid passion for social equality and its equally morbid preference for governmental centralization. But an equality of social conditions has nothing in itself to do with democracy. If it could be produced, it would be produced by influences, intellectual, moral, economical, which would not be touched by Reform Bills; while, as a matter of fact, we find democracy as compatible with the hereditary claims of great families in Switzerland as with the social indifference of America. Dismissing, then, this confusion of a social with a political question, it may be as well to consider what is the real character of the hopes and apprehensions which this democratic tendency of Reform seems to excite.

First come, undoubtedly, those which arise from a comparison of our own political system and its results with the results of democratic institutions in other countries to which, rightly or wrongly, they have been attributed; and which have been very acutely examined in three of the Essays on Reform which have recently made their appearance. Mr. Bryce has criticized at some length the arguments which are so lavishly drawn from the excesses of democratic States in the ancient world. Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Pearson have attempted to exhibit the real character of two of the chief democratic countries of our own days—America and Australia. The task of the first was perhaps an easy one. It hardly required Mr. Bryce's ability to point out the fallacy of attempting to compare any political community of modern times with the city-states of the old world, where, from their very smallness, no time or space for any true discussion was possible, and the quick vivid passions of excited party strife turned instantly into facts. Bigness has led a hard life of it among philosophers, and is, we hope, convinced by this time how different it is from greatness. But, politically, bigness has a peculiar value. The mere size, the actual distances, of a modern community prevent that sudden bend of a State before some momentary panic or enthusiasm, the possibility of which was probably in Bishop Butler's mind when he uttered his famous dictum, that nations, like individuals, could under certain circumstances go mad. In States as large as our modern ones there must necessarily be time for discussion, and there is also space for it. They are big enough, we mean, to contain within themselves a thousand differing interests, classes, sentiments, each of which will somehow or other have its say, and in some way influence the mass of popular opinion. Moreover—which is a point not touched on by Mr. Bryce—a big country is an effective protection to minorities, for in it even a minority will itself be a big body, and, however beaten, will retain the sentiment of its own importance, and the hope of eventual success which comes out of a consciousness of bigness. Nothing, in fact, is more in discordance with the actual facts than the common assumption that popular government produces a political monotony by introducing a tyranny of the majority which sweeps all opposition before it. Never perhaps was the voice of the majority of the American people more clearly pronounced than in the second election of President Lincoln; but never were the hopes and efforts of the minority more lively and indefatigable. Nor does the completeness of their eventual defeat seem to have in the least daunted or dispersed them. The fact is that, defeated though they were, the Democrats of America remained a great party, large enough, after all defections, to retain a distinct political character, weight, and pride of its own, and sustained by the recollections of former successes in a hope of eventually reversing the popular verdict.

But it is not merely in its direct bearing on their political character that the size of modern States is important. In every country men's minds are divided on a class of questions which it is impossible to exclude from politics, yet which have this peculiarity, that, while they divide men as sharply as any political questions can do, the lines of division are far from coinciding with the lines of political severance. Mr. Bryce has most ably pointed out the enormous difference which the existence of Christianity and the diversities of Christian opinion create between democracies now and in pre-Christian periods; and it is certain that to religious differences, more than to anything else, we owe that preservation of the liberty of individual thought and expression the loss of which is so often dreaded as the result of the progress of democracy. "Athanasius contra mundum" remains as true in the case of Mr. Whalley as in the case of Athanasius. Again, though the growth of scientific research seems at first sight to be detrimental to the true political force of a country, and, by its creation of new fields of interest for thoughtful men, to tend more and more to detach them from any direct interest in public affairs, and so to leave politics to the mercy of the less-educated masses; yet, indirectly, the influence of the scientific experimental character of even these seceders makes itself felt as a security against any mere policy of sentiment. Moreover, the very spectacle of a body of men indifferent to public affairs, and yet enthusiastic in their devotion to other fields of intellectual exertion, corrects that extravagant tension and morbid devotion to the State which—admirable as we may—was commonly the ruin of the earlier democracies. Lavoisier was in reality as useful to the cause of freedom when he begged for a respite of three days from the guillotine, "that he might complete some scientific experiments he was then engaged upon," as when his ingenuity was providing saltpetre for the powderless armies of the Republic. Space, diversity of interests, the varieties of religion, and the cooler influences of an intellectual world without, may fairly then be looked upon as characteristics of modern societies the absence of which in the Old World would make all analogies drawn from Athenian or Syracusan democracies simply deceptive.

Still more deceptive are the warnings which we are supposed to gather from the "democratic chaos," as it has been called, on the "unlimited side of the Atlantic." It is said with some truth that the period of history of which a man knows least is that which comprises some thirty years before he grew to manhood. And so the countries of which we know least are those whose politics are being worked out at our doors. It is often objected to Mr. Goldwin Smith, as to Mr. Bright, that he does but repeat the cuckoo-cry of America. He may well answer, as he answers in one of these essays, that no choice is left to him so long as, in the stead of any real knowledge of a country so nearly akin to us, there exists "the sort of stuff which people are ready to believe about America, but about no other Christian or civilized community in the world." It is indeed amazing that, after all the revelations of the war, men should still exist who confound the mob of New York with the people of America, or who attribute to democratic institutions the hindrances which beset them as, under similar circumstances, they would beset any institutions—hindrances which arise from the influx of emigrants, the rapid development of wealth, the want as yet of any corresponding development of individual culture, the existence till of late of slavery. It is perhaps a just retort on English unfairness when Mr. Goldwin Smith points out that the one constitutional obstacle to good government in America at present—the excessive power delegated to the President—is in reality the result of a clinging to the English model of administration on the part of the founders of the Republic. Nothing, indeed, is more noteworthy in American politics than the influence which is still exercised by traditions of the past; but if these modify democracy in a new country, how much greater would be the influence they would exert in an old one! No one can exactly tell, because nowhere has the experiment really been tried, what would be the reciprocal influence of the habits of the past on the new institutions of the present; but it is certain that the influence would be great—great enough at any rate to make the passage from the old to the new a transition rather than a revolution. The only real guide we have to the solution of such a problem lies in the instance of the one democratic community which is never quoted on the one side or the other, and which yet presents analogies to our political position far more useful than those of Athens or Washington. Many a shudder at the advance of democracy might have been spared if, instead of looking for the dreaded monster in the streets of New York, we had once taken courage (as it has been well put) "to look Demos in the face" in the freeman's Parliament of a Swiss mountain canton. There, close at our doors, may be seen democratic communities working out their political life among very much the same social traditions as our own, and among external difficulties greater than any we could expect to experience. In a note to Mr. Bryce's essay Mr. Freeman has given some results of his Swiss experiences which are well worth extracting:—

From all that I can hear, the rich in Switzerland, not that there are many people whom we should count rich, have no real grievances. Wherever, as at Zurich, the old aristocracy have frankly accepted the new state of things, and have taken their chance along with other folk, they have got their share like other folk. At Bern for a long time they were sulky and held aloof; more fools they, as in many parts of the canton they were distinctly popular, and would have been preferred to other candidates. . . . To sweep away all these hereditary distinc-

tions was a much stronger measure than any possible extension of the franchise would be here. Yet it has answered completely. Then people are constantly saying that in a democracy any stable government is impossible; the *Times* said that no democracy ever did or could allow its Executive to remain in office a whole year. This sounded strange to me just after being at the Landsgemeinde of Outer-Appenzell, where the old Landammann fairly ran away as his only chance of escaping re-election. . . . The Federal Executive of Switzerland is the Bundesrath, a council of seven. Every three years, at the beginning of each new Diet, they come to an end, but are open to re-election. This has gone on since 1848, giving six elections since, at any one of which the whole Bundesrath might have been turned out of office. Instead of this . . . only twice has a member of the Council who sought for re-election failed to obtain it. . . . Can any monarchy show anything so stable? What Ministry in England or elsewhere has kept in for nineteen years?

That there are dangers in democracy, as there are dangers in any political system, it would be absurd to deny. Tolerance in matters of religion, for instance, would become a much more difficult thing to arrive at were our Legislature more popular than it is now. If (as we have confessed) religion does much for democracy, it does not follow that democracy would be a good friend to religion. America is indeed the most tolerant country in the world, but that is because there are no traditions of religious conflict to fetter its opinion. In England it takes very little digging beneath the upper stratum of society to arrive at a dead, brutal intolerance—an intolerance the more brutal because it wastes itself on one of the smallest and weakest of English sects. Not long ago a letter from Archbishop Manning was flung contemptuously beneath the table of an East-end Board of Guardians, hardly one of whom had condescended to listen to it. And it is a fact well known to those who are interested in education, that the indifference which the poor manifest to the distinctions between Protestant bodies leaves them bigoted and intolerant before a Roman Catholic school or priest. We are not saying that there is not much that is healthy in all this "staunch Protestantism," but the experience of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill may suffice to show how soon it will kindle at need into downright persecution. To the objection that democracy would ostracize intellect in favour of the Bradlaughs and Potters of this world we attach very little weight indeed. It certainly has not been so in the past, nor, to judge from the few instances of men of intellectual rank who have offered themselves to popular constituencies, is it so in the present. On the other hand, no class is less sensible to the claims of intellect than the middle class; when Mr. Thackeray stood for Oxford, he secured the support of the bulk of the artisans, and owed his defeat to the shopkeepers. The danger lies, we think, the other way. The "sentimental side" of the masses would be likely to come out in undue honour to any eminence whatever, intellectual or un intellectual; and hero-worship might lead to a Parliamentary apotheosis. It would be very odd to see Mr. Tupper a legislator; but the thing might happen. "Log-rolling," or political corruption, on the other hand, would probably receive far less mercy from the artisan class than from the class above them. The regulation of our foreign policy by sentiment is often dreaded as a fruit of democracy. It is certain that the sentiment of the lower classes points to a very different policy from that which is a tradition of our Foreign Office. But the traditions of the Foreign Office have not proved very valuable, and are themselves dying into uselessness before the changed combinations of Europe; and it must be remembered that most changes in the map of Europe have been wrought by sentiment. In such a state of things a sentimental foreign policy might possibly be worth the trying.

#### LORD SHAFTESBURY.

THERE is no calculating with certainty the orbits of meteors, or, as some think, of comets. And we should not perhaps feel much surprised to find the like degree of doubtfulness or eccentricity attach to the movements of prominent and shining stars in the religious firmament. Science can scarcely be said as yet to have made it undeniably clear whether the familiar laws of motion prevail in all respects in the far-off realms of space in which those luminous portents of the sky have their coming and going. Nor can we feel sure that the very medium in which they float and sparkle is in its essence the same with that through which the gross and heavy mass of our earth urges its dull and monotonous way. Impulses there may be of a subtler kind than common terrestrial gravity, as well as an ether of a purer and more exquisite essence than that which gives light and warmth to our commonplace planet. So too may different laws of thought and feeling from those which prevail among the vulgar children of this world be in force among the more gifted or fortunate children of light. It is, accordingly, not without diffidence that we venture to remark on anything that might seem anomalous or puzzling in the course of a star of such magnitude in the evangelical heavens as the Earl of Shaftesbury. A kind of holy war has of late been proclaimed, not only by his own party, but even by what claim to be the leading organs of secular opinion, against vestments, candles, incense, and what have been generally lumped together as dark and idolatrous ceremonies. Who then so fitting as Lord Shaftesbury to be the official De Montfort of this new crusade? From his recent speech on the different heads of the beast of Ritualism, we should have thought him to be bidding for the commission of generalissimo or of grand inquisitor at least. And when the fact transpired of a Royal Commission being in contemplation, no name so readily offered itself to every imagi-



nation as that of the great lay head of the anti-Ritualist section in the Church. Could the Commission be in any sense complete or satisfactory without him? That speech seemed in fact framed for the very purpose of presenting his credentials of fitness for the work. Lord Shaftesbury must have gone, for the sake of it, through a task which we should have thought no man could have gone through and lived. He must have crammed up the entire series of the Parker Society's publications. And could the few sample quotations with which he then favoured the public be taken to exhaust the stock of lore which he had so industriously accumulated? Would not the formal Report of an authoritative Commission be a more fitting and durable embodiment of so much archaeological and legal learning, especially as learning of the dry legal kind has not generally been held the strong point of the Evangelical party? And was not eloquence like this deserving of a less casual and evanescent audience than a mob of peers impatient for the dinner-hour? Great then was our surprise when Lord Shaftesbury was found to shirk the post which seemed so emphatically the one for him to fill. Why was this? The hour was come, but not the man. In our difficulty on this point, his Lordship's explanations to the House seem to us, we confess, only to involve his line of conduct in greater perplexity than before. One obvious solution of the question would have been found in an instinctive antipathy to touching the accursed thing of Ritualism at all. He might have called to mind a familiar text, and declined to sit among the ungodly. The terms of the Commission, again, might have left too little scope for protest or freedom of representation on his side of the argument, or the names of his intended colleagues might have inspired a holy horror. He touches not misbelievers save with the sword of anathema. But, strange to say, his determination to stand aloof was taken while as yet he "knew nothing of the gentlemen who were to serve on the Commission, nor did he know anything of the terms of the Commission," and "his decision was given without reference to the persons who were to be appointed, or to any other circumstances connected with it." He was so far indeed suspicious of the possible sinister influence of wily prelates, that he took upon himself to name beforehand the name of a bishop who ought to be excluded. Surely, common-sense people might ask, was not the great Evangelical champion the David to stay and face this ritual Goliath? Is not this very like chalking up "No Ritualism," and then running away?

When the Commission on Trades' Unions was being constituted, it seemed the most natural thing on earth that the Unionists should clamour to be represented upon it, and they succeeded in placing at the Board an advanced champion of their own. So far from extreme opinions forming a bar to the presence of a representative of Low Church opinions, the absence of any such advocate might have been held a legitimate bar to the acceptance of its results by the public. Is it conceivable that we may get, in an *arrière pensée* of this kind, a clue to the hidden motives which prompted the course in question? Profane or malevolent critics might hint that here was a loophole already prepared for creeping out at, should the Report of the Commission not come up to the requirements of one side of the controversy. Ominous hints of a terrible possibility have been dropped by more than one influential organ on the same side. Whatever force lay in Lord Shaftesbury's plea for refusal consisted in the idea that the inquiry was one of a judicial nature. The analogy of penal trials would require the withdrawal from the bench or jury-box of any one who had committed himself to strong convictions on either side. But if the question is to be entered upon as one of strict law and fact, or, in the language of the *Times*, is to be tried "by the rule of rubrics and history," the verdict may chance to be such as to strike dismay into Printing House Square and Exeter Hall. "It is more likely that a decorous Evangelical clergyman should be convicted of default than that a Ritualist should be found guilty of excess." It is candid, then, in the *Times* to give it out as a "foregone conclusion" that, "if these offensive practices were not actually unlawful, they should be made so for the future." It was "right and necessary," the popular organ concedes, in a judicial inquiry, "to let the Ritualists have their say." But their say was to be only the last dying speech of a criminal before execution, or at best no more than a useless attempt to show cause why a capital sentence should not be passed. Is it to come to this, that men who are allowed by their adversaries to be standing on the plain ground of history and the Prayer-book are to be treated as "outlaws," and to be "rattened" with all the rhetoric of the *Times*, "S. G. O.," and the Evangelical Unions?

Thus it is given out beforehand that nothing is to come of a well-meant movement towards a mutual adjustment of differences in the Church. The acknowledged head of what claims to be the largest section of religious opinion in the land will have no part in bringing about harmony among Churchmen. Our most prominent philanthropist finds no place for himself in a mission of peace, charity, and goodwill. Could he sit at the same green table with men who had possibly waved a censor or flaunted a chasuble? Was he to be called upon to supplement his reading of Bucer, Latimer, and Peter Martyr with that of *Tracts for the Times* and the *Directorium Anglicanum*, if not to sit side by side with the author of what he doubtless would call just now the most pestilent book ever vomited forth from the jaws of hell? In his capacity of our great gospel leader, Lord Shaftesbury is forward enough to lay many a burden on the shoulders of Ritualists and High Churchmen, but as a statesman, and spokesman of his party in the

Legislature, he will not touch the burden with one of his fingers. The ways of great orbs in the upper sphere are, as we have confessed, out of our reach. They are too subtle or too sublimated for our everyday understandings. It is only in a poor and approximate way that we can pretend to form an estimate of a character raised so far above that of vulgar worldlings, or, as astronomers say, to get the "elements" of the orbit of so remote a religious star. There is one phenomenon, however, which strikes us as characteristic of a certain phase of the religious mind at all periods. We speak of the tendency to curdle into exclusiveness. The sectarian element prevails over the catholic. That is given up to party which was meant for mankind. What was supposed to be typified by a seamless coat is torn into a thousand shreds. Isolation is taken as a higher test than union, and jealousy usurps the place of love. This instinct towards separation, this shrinking from contact with others less strict or holy, gave, it is well known, its cherished name to the strictest sect among the Jews. Perish the whole State and theocracy rather than the Pharisee should take counsel for its welfare with indifferent Sadducees or precisionist Essenes. The modern Pharisee is able, indeed, among other boasts, to claim an advance beyond the rival schools of Hillel or Shammai. Instead of a lofty indifference to those below him in the social or moral pale, he can display, in his own way, a busy interest in the souls and bodies of his inferiors. His efforts for the enlightenment of his dark and wicked neighbours are before the eyes of all men. Lazarus is no longer left to pine for the crumbs from the rich man's table, but is waited on by pious lords and ladies, and stuffed with tea and cake. The hardest publican and the prettiest sinner are precisely those whom the Pharisee most delights to take up, and to parade their wretchedness and their sin *naso adunco*. How changed is all this from the selfish hauteur of ancient times! The publican would not now find himself looked down upon in the temple, nor be bidden "Stand back, for I am holier than thou." On the contrary, he would receive a present of a bundle of tracts, or an invitation to Exeter Hall, and be soon sitting before a platform of noble and amiable Pharisees, each wearing a phylactery of the most rigid pattern and of extra breadth. For the corners of the streets in our climate are not so favourable as of old to praying and doing alms before men, nor is the voice of the trumpet so effective after all as the shorthand of the *Record* or the *Times*. Happy—must we not say?—the publicans and the harlots to whom the piety and the nobility of the age comes down with so much condescension and brotherly love. And happy the age which can give birth to such models of disinterestedness and philanthropy in high places. To common or profane minds what a weary, wretched, and unprofitable thing it must seem to be perpetually poking one's nose into the foulest and most squalid places, forcing people against their will to wash and be clean, to save their souls, and not to beat their wives' bodies black and blue. And, after all, to expect no thanks or recompense for it in this life! Self-sacrifice like this must utterly discomfit and dumbfound the whole selfish theory of morals. The veriest Hobbist or Benthamite can find here not an atom or a trace of selfish or utilitarian motive. What a standing protest is here against the prodigal waste of time and means by a frivolous or dissolute peerage!

No hour of his in fruitless care destroyed,  
But on the noblest subjects still employed.

Compensation in all things is, notwithstanding, an invariable law of nature, and possibly, after all, the philanthropic Evangelical nobleman need not wait till the next world for all return for a life of so much disinterested toil. It is no longer necessary for the apostles of charity to go barefooted. Nor are the heads of great theological movements inevitably burnt at the stake. The weapons of religious warfare are no longer lethal, except at places of imperfect civilization like Birmingham, and there the bludgeon and the brickbat are the choice of the champions of the true faith. To sit in the high places of Exeter Hall is itself an elevation of no mean order, and to enunciate lofty sentiments, to lay down authoritative dogmas, and confute absent or imaginary adversaries may be an easy and agreeable task. To sniff up the incense of applause, and stir the many-twinkling smiles or tears of feminine or clerical partisans, might even be found almost too much for the brain of ordinary humanity. In any mind less meek and spiritually tempered, the complacent thought might not unnaturally spring up, Is it not a cheering sign of the times that, while other men of rank and means are squandering their lives in pleasure or satisfying a selfish thirst for political fame, one should be found willing to give up all these mundane and seductive advantages in order to spend and be spent for his brethren's bodies and souls? The world, in its wicked unconverted way, may be tempted to reply that possibly piety linked with aristocracy has its reward even here. It can bring down both birds, so to say, with one stone. It can rejoice in the full assurance of the future, and meanwhile reap the harvest of power and patronage which the organization of modern parties brings to the garner of its chief husbandmen. What privileges does not such an eminence bring with it? To nail the colours of exclusiveness to the mast, without coming down to take one short pull at the labouring oar. To preach peace and goodwill while breathing an undertone of defiance and anathema. To sit in private judgment upon the motives and acts of men, while shirking the task of overt and dispassionate inquiry. To claim the merit of fairness and public spirit on the ground of suspecting his own impartiality, at the same time denouncing in

advance whatever conclusions may be come to by men whose names he has not heard, under a Commission of the terms of which he has not yet taken the pains to satisfy himself. We are reminded by the whole transaction of the resolutions drawn up beforehand by Beales, Potter, and Co., denouncing in blank a Bill the clauses of which were to be telegraphed in good time for the abuse of the meeting. The spirit of party is, we fear, too strong for human nature at all times, and under all circumstances. In spiritual, as in mundane, matters it carries practically all more liberal and generous motives before it. As it is in politics, so too often do we see it the case in religion. The revolutionary hawk and the Evangelical dove are to a great extent birds of a feather after all.

#### A CHARITY GONE ASTRAY.

**A**N injustice appears to have been done to the brute creation. Horses and dogs, cows and pigs, cocks and hens seem to have suffered a wrong, in order that the students of Trinity College, Dublin, might be supposed to reap a benefit. Ireland has for once got something more than justice, while the brutes have got something a good deal less. Fifteen years ago an Irishman, or a person born at Dublin, died leaving a sum of money, which since then has grown to be a very large sum, to the University of London, with the condition that it should be devoted to the erection and endowment of a sanatorium for sick beasts and birds, and within a certain time. The time has now expired, and the people to whom the money was thus left find that thirty thousand pounds will go a very little way towards founding and endowing this unusual hospital. The Irishman had provided for the hitch by bequeathing his property, in case of a failure on the part of the London University to carry out his intentions, to Trinity College, Dublin, to be expended in the establishment of three professorial chairs. From the three chairs were to be delivered lectures upon three languages, to be chosen from a given list which included Welsh, Coptic, Russian, Slavonic, Chinese, and Sanskrit. If the authorities of the London University would not cure brutes, then the authorities of Dublin University should teach Coptic or Chinese, Welsh or Slavonic. It opens up some nice questions to a lover of casuistry to consider to which purpose the philosopher would most wish the money to go. The testator plainly preferred the physical interests of the brutes to the intellectual interests of his countrymen, or else he would not have placed the brutes in the first rank and his countrymen in the second. But the testator can scarcely pass for a philosopher. He was a lover of cows, or Irishmen, or anything rather than that wisdom which is the object of the philosopher's pursuit. We cannot suppose him to have put before himself the two objects for which he left his money, and to have deliberately weighed the advantages which would accrue from either over and above the advantages of the other, or those which would accrue from both as against all the other purposes to which he might have handsomely devoted his fortune. One is at a loss to guess even the kind of considerations which may have been present in his mind when these two whimsically contrasted ideas got the mastery. You shall either cure cattle, or else you shall teach Irishmen Coptic. What is the common principle, or the common way of looking out upon life, from which two such extraordinarily diverse plans could have arisen? Humanity would be the creditable source of the first, but then we cannot possibly discern this virtue in a desire to instruct the Irish student in Chinese. What have remote Oriental languages to do with the sicknesses of fowls and four-footed beasts and creeping things? Would Coptic and Slavonic tend to extirpate Fenianism, or reconcile Irishmen to their land-laws, or stop emigration? The oddness of the alternative is a thing absolutely beyond explanation. Still, though we cannot tell why it was that Mr. Brown wished to confer a service, if possible, upon dumb creatures, and, if that failed, then upon Irishmen, creatures quite the reverse of dumb, still the fact that these two were the objects of his solicitude, and in this particular order, is beyond doubt. The London beasts and birds, if possible; if not, then the Irish students. This was clear.

But it proved impracticable to carry out the testator's intention to the letter. The London University found that they could not found and endow a sanatorium, of the kind designed by their benefactor, upon the sum of money which their benefactor had left. So they went to the Charity Commissioners and begged for some scheme by which the intention of the testator might be carried out as nearly as circumstances permitted it to be carried out. It was agreed that this would be done by founding a chair for veterinary instruction. They could not house, and actually treat, any number of sick beasts worth speaking of, but they could, by increasing and diffusing more widely the stock of veterinary knowledge, cause any possible number of sick beasts to be better treated than they would otherwise have been. Anyhow, it is clear that if the testator cared at all about the cattle and poultry to whom he left his money, he would be as well pleased by a scheme which promises to alleviate the sufferings of a great many in one way, as by his own scheme for alleviating the sufferings of a very few in another way. The House of Lords thought otherwise. The Government brought in the Bill empowering the establishment of the Veterinary Chair, but although they brought in a Bill they showed no particular solicitude whether it passed or did not pass. The Dublin interest was too strong, and the Bill was thrown out by a considerable majority. It is just possible that the Peers thought this a cheap sop thrown to Ireland—a fragmen-

tary instalment of the justice for which that country, reasonably or otherwise, is always clamouring. The horses, pigeons, and other creatures had no voice nor representative in the matter. Unless they die in such numbers as to threaten rents, nobody in the House of Lords would think very much about them. Even Lord Cairns allowed his judicial acumen to be temporarily blunted, and insisted that as the London people could not fulfil the testator's precept to the letter, then the benefit of his second intentions fell to the Dublin people. It is not to be supposed that the other Peers from the sister country, who are below Lord Cairns in acuteness and reputation, showed themselves superior to him on such an occasion for patriotic display as this.

We confess, on the whole, to a good deal of regret at the decision which has been arrived at. We do not regret at all that the money should have gone to Ireland. The more money that gets there the better. But the annual diversion of a thousand a year from what might have been a most valuable chair to a chair which can never be worth very much as a source of instruction, seems very like a waste of a rare thing. A thousand a year is a bequest which does not fall to the public too often. There is a pretty general feeling that languages have got their full share of the endowments of the country. Latin and Greek swallow up—and we do not grudge them what they get—a good many thousands a year. It may be said, indeed, that institutions for the relief of physical distress, and schools of medicine and surgery also, swallow up ever so much of the aggregate funds devoted to public purposes. But then all this goes to relieve the physical distress of what veterinary practitioners unpleasantly style "humans." The brutes get no more of this than they are likely to do of Mr. Brown's charity. The benefits, on the contrary, accruing from the improvement of veterinary science, would be reaped, not only by the four-footed or feathered patients, but by their two-footed and unfeathered owners into the bargain. The more you understand the laws which regulate the health and soundness of animals which men use, the more useful do the animals become. Even an Irish Bishop might see that. Money expended on a sanatorium for dumb animals would be far from thrown away, even from the exclusively human point of view. Besides, the wider the field over which pathological observations are spread, the more improvements is purely human pathology likely to receive. One could not, however, expect the question to be discussed, either on these grounds of general expediency, or with a strict view to what is judicially proper or warrantable. If anything can by any chance be got into a local rut, we may be quite sure that there it will stick, to be fought out on merely local grounds. Everybody who votes or speaks about it at all will vote and speak because he belongs to a particular place, and not because the arguments are strongest on his side. Just as most of the members who came from Northumberland and Durham voted for the monstrous proposal to tie Durham round the neck of London University, so any nobleman who had interests in Ireland seemed to think that reason enough for voting Coptic at Dublin better than veterinary science in London.

The whole affair may perhaps be a useful warning to people who wish to spite their relations by leaving their money to charities. If a man cannot die in peace without the certainty that he has disappointed his friends, the least that he can do is to make up his mind firmly what he does mean to do with his uncomfortable money. It would not be a bad plan—as everything, it seems, in our present temper, is to be entrusted to Government—to create some officer or Board to whom all spiteful testators might leave their property to be dealt with at discretion. This would annoy and disappoint expectant relations quite as thoroughly, and there would be some chance of a little good being done to the State. As it is, how much of the money that is left for public purposes ever gets into any channel where it is likely to effect this desirable end? At any rate it is difficult to suppose that, if Mr. Brown were here on earth again, he would find nothing better to do with his thirty thousand pounds than to spend it in having a tiny handful of Irish lads taught Coptic, Slavonic, and Welsh.

#### THE IRISH CONVICTS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.

**T**HE malignant benevolence of fairies and genii in conferring certain eminent gifts and counterbalancing them by as signal defects or disfigurements is the copious subject of Eastern and Northern fiction. The beautiful face, the flowing locks, and the love-inspiring eye, counteracted by the harsh voice or ungraceful utterance, is one form of this equivocal blessing. The beautiful face and the sweet voice, accompanied and contrasted with a speech which always inspires distrust, or a tongue which always kindles dissension, is another form. But the forms in which the fiction has embodied itself are innumerable. One form of it is specially realized in Ireland. St. Patrick or St. Thaddeus, or whoever it was that presided over the infant destinies of the nascent island, gave to its people certain gifts of brilliant splendour, but indemnified himself by withholding others which would have been worth all the rest put together. A power of imagination which can at will create a heaven or a hell out of a few wretched rafters and an acre or two, a facility and a power of language which can give force and life and colouring to the finest or the wildest conceptions of the imagination, a wondrous poetry of feeling and expression, have all been lavished on the Irish nation; but they have been neutralized, perverted, and made profitless by the most untoward



combination of misdirected views, misapplied energies, and misplaced stubbornness.

The last Fenian outbreak was a parody of what its authors designed it to be—a grand and successful assault on the unity of the Empire. Like a crazy musket in the hands of a foolish child, it has burst and shattered its bearer. In its end it has been as ridiculous as it was in its beginning. The speech of Meany has rivalled the speeches of Burke and others in the absurdity of safe defiance and meaningless grandiloquence. To defy a Government which is already victorious, to deprecate a clemency which is already assured, and to invite a harshness which is studiously eschewed, are the preposterous symptoms of splenetic peevishness by which the baffled concoctors of a burlesque conspiracy hope to compensate their failure and dignify their fate. When once the sentence of the Court is passed, the scene drops on the dramatic display. There is no more representation; no more spectacle, no more spectators; no more appeals to sympathy, no more response of sympathy; no more commiseration of persecuted and defiant heroism; no more admiration of stilted and sonorous eloquence; no more applause for blank verse in the guise of a prisoner's address. A veil is henceforth drawn between the prisoner and the outer world. Vanity has lost its opportunities; display has lost its admirers. The only chance that remains of engaging the attention of a selfish and preoccupied world is to complain, and to publish complaints, of the rigours of prison discipline. In this there is a twofold enjoyment. The one consists in the fabrication of grievances, an occupation to which a rebel's nature has an instinctive leaning. The other consists in keeping alive the sympathy of partisans. There is nothing so congenial to the tendencies of a disposition at once splenetic, querulous, and crude as to be perpetually on the look-out for small opportunities of taking offence. It is an habitual amusement for ill-conditioned schoolboys, old maids, dependent relations, and, as we now see, for Irishmen convicted of treason-felony. Mitchell set the first example. The Fenian prisoners have diligently followed it. Some time since certain Irish members and their English sympathizers remonstrated with the Government on its treatment of the Fenians convicted and sentenced eighteen months ago. The Governor of the prison at Portland (whither the bulk of the convicts are ultimately transferred) was arbitrary and tyrannical; the warders were capricious, unjust, tale-bearers, and false-tongued; the food was either bad in quality or deficient in quantity, or both; the prison rules were intolerably strict and severe; the punishments harsh and unmerited; the reports on which the punishments were awarded basely mendacious; and the treatment of the sick prisoners scandalously cruel. It might have been guessed beforehand, by persons who knew the system of our prison management and the men by whom it was administered, that some of these charges were grossly exaggerated, and that others were wholly false. But still this is an age of concession; and the duty, if not the decency, of concession has been studied by no men so attentively as the members of Her Majesty's Conservative Government, and by no one member of Her Majesty's Conservative Government more than by the late Secretary of State, Mr. Walpole. So a Commission of Inquiry was issued, composed of two experienced men, a physician and a police magistrate. Their Report is now published, and confirms the previous conjectures of mankind. Whatever of the charges had the semblance of truth want its substance, and most of them are simple fictions. The Commissioners went successively to Pentonville, Woking, Portland, and Millbank; they tasted the soup, the beef, the bread, and the cheese; they examined the beds and the bedding; they noted the registers of the thermometer during the months the prisoners had complained of the cold; they investigated the charges against the warders. The food they found sufficient, though not redundant, in quantity, but so good in quality that they regret it is not attainable by the bulk of industrious labourers working for wages throughout England. The cheese, which a luxurious "treason-felony convict" named Murphy, condemned as "filthy" they pronounced to be excellent. It is true that some prisoners complained of some portions, and others of other portions, of the food. But when they were asked, would they like more of it? the reply was, "Yes, they should like it"; and one prisoner added, "Yes, and thank God too." Then, as to the prison arrangements at Portland; the Commissioners report of these as showing the perfection of cleanliness, order, and propriety. "The cells are sufficiently large and well ventilated, the bedding ample for comfort and health." When the convicts complained of the hardness of the boards on which they slept, and which had only one mattress on them, the Governor of the prison took upon himself to give them a second mattress. Again, as the prisoners were all, or mainly, Roman Catholics by profession, the Governor fitted up a room in the Portland Prison as a chapel, in which the altar and other stone work were carved by the prisoners themselves, and he engaged a priest to officiate. So far as their general treatment went, these political prisoners do not appear to have laboured under any great grievances. But they have had special grievances of their own. They have not been allowed to talk while at work. Nor are other prisoners. The point of the complaint is that these "treason-felons" are treated like other prisoners. So, again, as to receiving and sending letters. The evidence given to the Commissioners proved that unceasing attempts are made either to elude the vigilance or to corrupt the fidelity of the keepers, in the transmission and reception of letters. The keepers have been true to their trust, have reported the attempts thus

made, and this has caused greater watchfulness and a stricter observance of the prison rules. If this vigilance and the preventive measures are irksome, the prisoners have brought them on themselves. If by insolence and insubordination they have incurred the punishment usually inflicted on the insolent and insubordinate, they do not merit and will not receive sympathy. The evidence on which the Report of the Commissioners is founded shows that there have been as grave instances of insubordination as there were frequent cases of evasion; and that the prime mover and instigator of both was the same man, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. This man seems to have excelled his fellows in cunning, pertinacity, and audacity. His influence over them was so pernicious that the authorities transferred him to Millbank, where Rossa now astonishes the most experienced warders by his peculiar qualities. Ever since his removal a beneficial change has been visible in the behaviour of the prisoners at Portland.

In addition to grievances based upon the enforcement of prison rules, there were grievances based on the exceptional health of the complainants, or on the exceptional conduct of the warders. Into these the Commissioners inquired with due patience. The quality of this man's food, the nature of that man's illness, the proof of another man's ill-treatment—all formed, in their turn, the subject of their investigations. And in most cases it turned out that the complaint was unfounded, or exaggerated. The tea was not bad, as it was stated to be by one prisoner; nor was the doctor inattentive, as stated by another. In every case where sickness or a weak constitution disqualified a prisoner for undergoing hard work, part of his labour was remitted, or he was sent to hospital. Generally agreeing, as we do, with the Commissioners in their estimate of the humanity and kindness of the prison authorities, we cannot, however, quite agree with them in two of their positions. Speaking of the scrofulous constitutions of some of the prisoners, they say, with a simple-minded assurance—"A previous vagabond, lawless, or dissipated life has already sown the seeds of insidious and often otherwise fatal disorders." Surely it is a little too much to assert that every scrofulous invalid, even though he were a Fenian, has hitherto led a "vagabond, lawless, or dissipated life." We commend this curious opinion to the *Irishman*, who will know how to protest against a dictum which, while it insults the feelings, also wounds the character of his compatriots. This brings us to another point of difference. One of O'Donovan Rossa's grievances was founded on the imputation which the Governor of the prison cast on him of carrying on an amatory correspondence with a Mrs. Moore, the wife of a fellow-prisoner. In this we are rather inclined to take Rossa's own view. He had written a letter, full of that warmth which every Irishman knows how to infuse into the letter of a lover or a husband, beginning with the words "My love." In this, which is signed "Jer. O'Donovan Rossa," he asks for a post-office order for 3*l*, and also for American news. The address on the outside is to Mrs. Mary Moore, but in the corner are written, in extremely minute characters, the words "for Mrs. O'D."; but (as the Commissioners state) the "for" is written like a capital M. Putting aside the last-mentioned curiosity, we must confess that our impression is that the letter was for Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, not for Mrs. Moore. There is no great improbability in a convict's wife having her husband's letters addressed to another person. This sort of thing is not infrequent in certain classes and under certain conditions. If this were done in Rossa's case, it would be done just as it is here related to have been done. The letter would be addressed to its ostensible recipient in large letters; to its real object, in small letters. And as Rossa might think that in another person's hands his letter might escape suspicion if the direction in the corner were not to his wife, he may have written "for Mrs. O. D." instead of "For Mrs. O'D. R." Indeed, they may have been better known among their own people as O'Donovans than as Rossas. We cannot, on the whole, congratulate the Governor on his discretion in telling Moore that Rossa had been writing to his wife, or on his penetration in saying to Rossa—"A reason the more which makes me think this was never intended for your wife is that I have far too high an opinion of Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, from what I have had to do with her, to think she would aid you in infringing the prison rules."

Bating this episode, we agree with the Commissioners. The treason-felons are not treated with undue harshness. They are prisoners, and must be subjected to the ordinary conditions of prison life. At the best these are bad and bitter. Manual and menial work is hard on educated men. Solitude is harder. The garb and submissiveness of a convict are hardest of all. But the blame must rest, not with gaolers, warders, or the Government, but with the men who by their own deliberate act forged their own chains and forfeited their own freedom. Their treatment is just such as they laboured and conspired for. It is cruel only in the eyes of those who think that men may conspire against the Government of their country, expose it to all the terrors of civil war, kill its trade, destroy its commerce, impoverish its farmers, frighten away its richest and most eminent citizens, and then be adequately punished by a light and easy imprisonment of a few months, during which they may concoct fresh plots of treason and sedition, and from which they ought then to be released by the foolish sympathy of thoughtless politicians or the corrupt connivance of faithless guards.

TITE v. MOORE.

**P**ROMISES, it is said, are made to be broken; and promises to pay are, of all others, those that best illustrate the proverb. A correspondence which appeared in the newspapers a few days back may claim, however, the distinction of giving a fresh coat of gilding to a truism. Hitherto, so far at least as we know, default has usually been prompted and justified by purely secular considerations. A man has omitted to pay because he had not the necessary means, or he has excused himself from the liability on the plea of "never indebted." It seems, however, that theological differences may form an equally sufficient ground of exemption, and we can hardly doubt that this theory will rapidly become popular. Strong religious opinions are becoming quite common, and some degree of religious agreement will soon be required as between tradesman and customer. A tailor will have to make his profession of faith on vestments before he gets his bill paid for a coat; an upholsterer will have to abjure the sale of "medieval millinery" before he sees his money for furniture supplied on credit. Whether these innovations will be really an improvement in the conduct of business, we will not presume to say. All we can profess to do is to trace them to their parent spring in the correspondence between Mr. George Moore and Mr. Tite.

Some time in the course of last year the former gentleman put down his name for 1,000*l.* towards the objects of the London "Middle-Class Schools Corporation." The precise terms on which his undertaking was based are, as usually happens, disputed. They do not exist in writing, and the conversation between Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers, the chief promoter of the scheme, in which they appear to have been stated, is differently reported by the two speakers. Mr. Moore says the condition was "that the Scriptural teaching was to be upon the same principle as the City of London School"; Mr. Rogers says that all he promised was "that the arrangements should be sanctioned by the Bishop of London." After the disputed pledge was given, Mr. Moore attended two, and only two, meetings of the Committee, at neither of which did anything happen to alarm his religious susceptibilities. "The first," he says, "was purely preliminary; at the second I felt the question was waived." And if Mr. Rogers could always have been as subdued as he seems to have been on these occasions all might have gone on well. But, unfortunately for the funds of the Corporation, Mr. Rogers is a Broad Churchman of the jaunty type. He is Lord Palmerston in a white tie and priest's orders. At least he is certainly in priest's orders, and he may wear a white tie. Probably he felt that while Mr. Moore was present the proceedings had been rather dull. At all events, when he had the field to himself, he determined to throw a little life into them. Accordingly he told another meeting that when he first took up middle-class education "he was often confronted with what some called the theological question, but his reply was, 'Hang the theological question.'" These terrible words were duly read by Mr. Moore in the *Standard* of the next day, and his resolution was at once taken. Whether the hanging of theology is or is not sanctioned by the Bishop of London, it is not, it seems, the principle adopted in the City of London School, and accordingly Mr. Moore assumed that the stipulated condition had been disregarded, and that he was therefore freed from his bargain.

This was in October last, but it does not appear that he communicated this decision to any one else; at least Mr. Tite, the treasurer of the fund, knew nothing of it, and consequently applied to Mr. Moore in due course for the payment of his subscription. Mr. Moore answered that he would pay it when the condition on which it had been offered was performed, and Mr. Tite rejoined by quoting Mr. Rogers's version of his conversation with Mr. Moore as stated above. In the fourth letter of the series, Mr. Moore formulates his theory. He is "decidedly in favour of unsectarian teaching, but will never contribute to any school where the Bible is not the text book." Thus thrown back upon first principles, Mr. Tite is forced to construct an educational theory for himself, and concluding, seemingly from his use of the word "unsectarian," that Mr. Moore was a Dissenter, he proceeds to say, with an odd comparison of his correspondent to King Agrippa, "I am myself a Churchman, 'and I wish you were even as I am'; but I surrender my private and sincere opinions to the common good." Getting no answer to this statement, he writes again to press the matter. "I can't afford," he says, "to lose you." Probably at this point his conscience told him that, if only the loss of Mr. Moore was involved, he would be able to bear it philosophically, so he makes things square with facts by adding, "or your money." When Mr. Moore's answer did come, Mr. Tite's pious aspiration for his conversion turned out to be superfluous. "Churchman as I am," he writes, "I have always had great pleasure in helping Dissenters, whether Baptists, Wesleyans, or Independents." Probably it was the extent of this help that deceived Mr. Tite. He applied the principle of *noscitur a sociis*, and found it break down under him. Still, whatever misconception there might have been about Mr. Moore's religious creed, there could be none whatever about the 1,000*l.* He distinctly refuses "to help schools where the Bible is shelved and no prayer used." Thereupon the indefatigable treasurer, doing his best to make as though he liked his work, answers, "Your correspondence interests me very greatly, because, like you, being a sincere Churchman"—observe the judiciously incidental correction of his previous mistake—"if you are right I am very wrong." And then he proceeds to argue

the religious question in detail. He divides the Protestant public into three classes—the High Churchman, who "wishes the Prayer-book taught, and very little of the Bible"; the Low Churchman, who "wishes the Bible in preference"; and the Dissenter, who is not much troubled, in Mr. Tite's view, about the Bible, but "abhors our Catechism, and wishes the Assembly's Catechism." As a consequence of these divisions, he thinks "it is idle to talk of teaching Scripture"; but, as a matter of fact, the Middle-Class Schools are even more comprehensive than this. They include children whose parents reject the Bible altogether—"Catholics, Jews, Parsees, and one or two Mahomedans." Religious teaching, therefore, must be looked after at home, and prayer is of course impossible; "unless, indeed," adds Mr. Tite, serenely hopeful of knowing something which Mr. Moore does not, "we were to introduce the Lord's Prayer, which, as an old Jewish prayer, might not be objected to by the Jews." Praise, it seems, is not thought open to the same objection as prayer, for at the opening of the school "we begin with singing a psalm."

Mr. Moore takes three weeks to answer this letter, but it must be owned that when he does resume his pen he uses it with some effect. First of all he brings Alderman Hale as a witness in support of his version of the original conversation with Mr. Rogers. According to this fresh testimony, the Alderman's consent to convene the Mansion House Meeting (he being then Lord Mayor) was only given on the condition that the schools should be "conducted upon like religious principles with the City of London School." Mr. Rogers subsequently repeats his denial of this statement, and the conflict of evidence can only be regarded as an additional instance of the importance of reducing agreements to writing. On another point, however, we are compelled to say that Mr. Rogers owes himself an explanation. His words to Mr. Tite last April—supposing the latter to have quoted them correctly—were as follows:—"All I promised in my conversation with him (Mr. Moore) was, that the arrangements should be sanctioned by the Bishop of London. This being done, I consider that Mr. Moore is bound to pay." Mr. Rogers's notion of what constitutes Episcopal sanction must be rather vague, or his recollection of letters rather treacherous. Mr. Moore has applied, it seems, to the Bishop of London, and obtained from him copies of two letters sent by him to Mr. Rogers in April and July, 1866. In the first of these the Bishop repeats a previous verbal statement that his sanction was given to the Middle-Class Schools on the understanding that the Committee would "adopt a system of distinctive religious instruction." Further on in the letter, the Bishop urges that, by means of a virtual "conscience clause," this can be done without interfering with the conscientious scruples of individual parents, and he gives it as his own conviction that "it is possible to give a sound Christian education which shall include the mass of English children, even those who do not belong to the Church." And then he adds that he is sure Mr. Rogers would not wish the Bishop's name to be used for the purpose of conciliating opposition "while it is not intended that the views he can alone approve shall prevail." Finally, Mr. Moore completes his packet of enclosures by a letter from the Head Master of the City of London School, in which the education there given is certainly shown to correspond very closely with that sketched out by the Bishop of London as an indispensable condition of his supporting the middle-class scheme; the upshot of the whole being that Mr. Moore repeats his refusal to pay the 1,000*l.*, and sends the correspondence to the newspapers, "that the public may fairly judge for themselves in the matter."

Neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Rogers comes quite unharmed out of this cross-fire of letters. That exceptional position is reserved for Mr. Tite, whose object all through was simply to get in the money which had been promised to the school. Mr. Moore can hardly be excused for having allowed the matter to rest from October, when, he tells us, his "mind was made up," till April, when he was asked to pay his subscription. All those six months the Committee were, or might have been, incurring obligations, for the discharge of which they looked among others to Mr. George Moore; and if he knew all along that he should ultimately have to disappoint their expectations, he ought not to have left them in ignorance of his scruples. Mr. Rogers's conduct, however, is more difficult to explain, and, if unexplained, merits a much stronger censure. He certainly appears to have wished Mr. Moore to believe that the religious arrangements of the Middle-Class Schools had been sanctioned by the Bishop of London. He admits that he promised they should be so sanctioned, and then he says, "This being done, I consider that Mr. Moore is bound to pay." Now it is perfectly clear from the correspondence that, so far from the Bishop having given his sanction to these arrangements last year, he took considerable pains to leave no doubt in Mr. Rogers's mind that he could only approve the scheme on the understanding that it was to be something entirely different from what it has since proved to be. It is not probable that the Bishop could have changed his opinion in the interval between July, 1866, and April, 1867; at least, if he did, he must have got back to his old position with wonderful rapidity, since in June, 1867, he allows Mr. Moore to publish his letters, and tells him that his opinion remains unaltered. Mr. Rogers ought to have known, therefore, when he determined to "hang the theological question," that such a solution of the difficulty would



deprive the scheme of the Bishop of London's support. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that he should have forgotten this fact when Mr. Moore's subscription had to be applied for.

#### HARVEST PROSPECTS.

FINE weather has had its usual effect on the minds of those who do business at Mark Lane, and dull markets, and a tendency to reduced rates for wheat and flour, are the results of an anticipation of good crops. But, as we pointed out last autumn that a rainy harvest time does not affect the quantity of a crop very materially, so now we must remember that hot sunny weather at harvest time and a few weeks before it cannot produce a crop unless there be "a plant" on the ground. And the question with regard to the coming harvest, and the only question worth considering at this early stage, is whether there be a sufficient plant on the ground to produce a good crop of wheat, provided that henceforth the weather be fine until the ingathering. On this point Mr. Sanderson wrote to the *Times* a fortnight ago:—"Wheat was sown in, what is really favourable, a moist and compact bed." "On low-lying and wet soils the plants during winter were decimated by slug ravages and it was feared on such soils the crop would be greatly deficient. The wheat plant was not injured by the severe winter frosts, and while many of the finer trees and shrubs succumbed, this hardy cereal remained unscathed. With the exception of that on the chalk and red sandstone formations, wheat in the opening of spring was rather thinly planted, while not a few undrained fields presented a patchy appearance." Mr. Sanderson goes on to describe the effect of the alternations of high and low temperature in the month of May, and then sums up his opinion of the wheat crop thus:—"Except on badly-farmed land, which is no criterion, wheat is remarkably promising, and although the plants in many instances are too widely apart, yet, judging from their vigorous stems and blades and luxuriant hues, the length of ear and closely-set grain will more than balance the deficiency." That is, however, more than Mr. Sanderson can know. This forecast may turn out to be correct, but with a fortnight's advance in the state of the crops since he wrote, it is more than we can even now assert. Indeed, the Correspondents of the *Mark Lane Express*, whose opinions are summarized in the issue of that journal of the 24th instant, speak more or less unfavourably of the prospects, declare the season to be a late one, and describe the plant as irregular. Nor does a writer in the *Field*, who, "having passed recently through a large area of our arable land farming, is in a position to report on the prospects of the coming season," take a sanguine view of the result of the coming crop. He says no more than we might have expected from the wetness of last winter when he tells us that "both wheat and grass are a defective crop on the cold wet clays"; but he goes on:—"The wheat crop looks healthy on all dry soils, though generally a somewhat thin plant. The actual yield will depend greatly upon favourable weather, especially sunshine at flowering. It is everywhere rather backward—a very fortunate circumstance, considering the extraordinary frosts in May. Under the most favourable circumstances we can hardly look for an average, and it is but reasonable to anticipate a considerable deficiency." The weight of testimony seems, then, rather to force us to the conclusion that the plant is thin, while observers hope that circumstances may so favour what plant there is, as that it may make up by the largeness and number of the grains yielded by each stem for the deficiency recognised as to the number of stems. Beyond this we cannot for the present go. By the 1st of July wheat will be generally in ear to the south of the Humber. The next stage is the flowering, on which mainly depends the number of grains produced, and for which, we are told, a quiet, still, warm air is favourable. Then follows the gradual ripening, for which a period of about five weeks from the disappearance of the blossom is needed; and from the information we have already quoted we gather that, unless there be fine summer weather during these coming periods, the quantity and quality of the crop will not come up to an average.

As we depend so largely on supplies of foreign grain, we have almost as much interest in the wellbeing of crops abroad as we have in that of our own fields. France, our nearest neighbour, is on the whole well satisfied with the appearance of the wheat crop. There are some districts in the East of that country, and some unimportant districts in the extreme South, where the quantity produced will be under an average. On the whole, however, a full average yield is expected. In the North of Europe the prolonged winter has had a bad effect, and appearances do not warrant the belief that the wheat crop will be a good one, while serious complaints prevail of the damage which the rye crop has suffered. In Hungary there will be abundance of wheat to spare, and already large sales have been made for shipment to this country during the coming winter. In Turkey appearances are promising, while in South Russia, whence England has this year drawn enormous supplies, there are complaints of a drought, which has placed the grain crops in great jeopardy. This drought has also had the effect of checking supplies to the seaboard from the interior, because there has been scarcity of herbage on which the beasts feed that are brought from remote districts with loads of grain. Algeria has also been afflicted with drought to such an extent as to make importation of grain necessary. From America we hear that the growing crop of winter wheat is well spoken of, but the rainy weather of the spring has interfered with the usual extensive sowing of spring wheat, so that

the extent of land under it is not so large as usual. An early and abundant harvest is expected in California, and there seems to be no doubt of the continuance of supplies to England from that distant region—supplies, be it said, that have been most useful and opportune in the present season of scarcity.

We have confined our remarks to the crop of wheat, for it is really difficult to make any estimate of the produce of other grain crops at this early period. But the season is sufficiently advanced, and results are well enough ascertained, to allow us to congratulate the country on the cutting of the best crop of hay that has been grown of late years. The only districts that have not very good crops are those where the land is cold and wet, and where the meadows were long under water during the winter floods. Last week the weather was not sunny enough to dry the cut grass so rapidly as was wished, and the cutting commenced much later than usual, but these are the only complaints that can be made. The importance of this crop is scarcely properly recognised. On it depends, in a large degree, the cost of our beef and mutton; and it is almost the only product of our fields that we cannot import. Its bulk, even when packed in close bundles by hydraulic pressure, as it was packed for the use of the army in the Crimea, makes it a most costly article to transport—too costly, indeed, for our farmers to use it for making lean stock into fat stock. We ought, therefore, to rejoice more over the largeness of the hay-ricks than perhaps we are accustomed to do.

But, while occupied by our forecasts and anxieties as to our bread supply for the next season, there is danger that we should overlook the nearer future. People cannot grow fat and flourish on fine weather alone. The prospect of a bountiful harvest, however promising, will not fill the stomach. While we are enjoying the prospect we must be fed; and though people are generally inclined to overlook this, yet at no time of late years has the question whether we have enough bread to last us till the coming harvest been of greater interest than in this present summer of 1867. Let us carry our minds back to the harvest of 1866. It was a bad one (we speak of the wheat harvest) in all Western Europe; and in North America, except California. And we have seen the consequence in England marked by the rise of the *Gazette* average price of English wheat from 47s. in September to 65s. 9d. in June. This rise in price ought to have attracted ample supplies from foreign parts. And so it would if the foreigner had the merchandise to sell to us. But circumstances have shown that he has it not. The reports from all the shipping ports speak of exhaustion of stocks; the reports from our own outports, as published in the market returns, tell us of the small stocks in warehouse, and that merchants will hold none at these high prices. The weekly diminishing quantities reported to be sold by our farmers show that they have already been induced by the high prices current to send the bulk of their crop to market. And the plain inference to be drawn is, that we must depend, until the new crop is available for use, upon what is now on passage to the United Kingdom and what may be hereafter shipped in due time to arrive here before the new crop is gathered, and upon our existing stocks. It will be remembered that we began on the 1866 crop with very little (an unusually small proportion) of the 1865 crop in growers' hands, and with very small stocks in warehouse. We had therefore practically to provide for our consumption until the harvest of 1867. The first point to be determined is what our consumption really is; and the next, what the home crop would give us. On these points there is no precise information, but the first we can determine by a simple process. As we had no stocks at the harvest of 1866, we must have eaten all the crops preceding it, and all the wheat and flour we had imported. Now, on the average, we have imported in each year of the ten preceding years 7½ millions of quarters of wheat (reducing flour to its equivalent in wheat). Our annual consumption, on the average of ten years, is therefore our own crop, plus 7½ millions of quarters imported. The 1866 crop, however, was acknowledged to be a deficient one, and was variously estimated as from one to two millions of quarters short of an average crop. Let us take the more favourable estimate. What we do not grow at home we must import from abroad; and therefore we must reckon our requirements to have been 8½ millions—namely, the 7½ millions average importations, plus the million deficiency. Now let us see what we have received. By the *Gazette* returns, we find that the importations of wheat and flour for the nine months from September 1, 1866, to May 31, 1867, were in round numbers 5,400,000 quarters. Supposing we receive at the same rate in June, July, and August, we shall have received in all 7,200,000 quarters, or 300,000 short of our average importation, and 1,300,000 quarters short of our estimated requirements for this year. The short stocks in farmers', merchants', millers', and bakers' hands show that we have eaten the greater portion of our home-grown crop, and nearly all our imports, so that we have now to depend on what we may receive from abroad. A similar exhaustion of stocks being reported at all points whence we draw our supply, it would appear that the merchant will have to strain every nerve to keep us from starvation, and in any case it appears to be doubtful whether sufficient can be obtained to allow of our usual rate of consumption being maintained. The fine weather has the effect of reducing our imports from abroad for the time; for dull markets and falling prices do not encourage the corn merchant, who is always more or less a speculator, and if not tempted by prospects of profit to be won on rising markets, remains idle, and makes no effort to fill our empty warehouses with foreign grain. We have, however, arrived at the season when a plentiful

supply of vegetables enables us to do with less bread; and as the potato crop matures, that root will be used as a substitute. But, again, this dry weather is against the potatoes, which are not growing so fast as they should do; and it is doubtful whether they will everywhere recover the effects of the frost so very late in May. The doubt about getting enough to eat is altogether sufficiently grave to induce us to lift a voice of warning, in order that economy of our resources may be studied in time, and that people may remember that the sight of the fields of waving corn in their yellow glory will not fill their stomachs.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

IN the year of the International Exhibition, 1862, a concert was held in St. James's Hall, by the members of the Philharmonic Society, to celebrate their Jubilee. The institution was fifty years of age, and it was very generally thought that, having accomplished its mission, it was about to give up the ghost. Not so, however, as the sequel proved. We are now in 1867, and one of the most brilliant seasons since the foundation (1812) is on the point of expiring. When Mr. Costa laid down the conductor's stick, in 1854, affairs looked gloomy enough, and the eccentricities of Herr Richard Wagner, who, in 1855, succeeded to the indomitable Neapolitan, only led from bad to worse. At the end of that disastrous year, when the musical world of London, initiated in the mysteries of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, showed a sovereign disregard for both, the *bâton* fell from the incompetent hands of their inventor. In the course of a single series of performances Herr Wagner had contrived to disorganize the orchestra of which he had rashly assumed the control. He conducted Beethoven's symphonies without score, in such a manner as warranted a belief that with the score before him it would have been much the same. He did not only this but other funny things, and all to no purpose. Professor Sterndale Bennett, who came after him, began by reviving the old discipline which had been contemptuously set aside by Herr Wagner, and, by his teaching and example, in a very short time set matters right again. Our great musician, however, had no sooner restored the orchestra to its natural equilibrium than he was deprived of it altogether. Mr. Gye, manager of the Royal Italian Opera, having built a sort of miniature Crystal Palace close to his theatre, where the late Mr. Alfred Mellon gave promenade concerts in the autumn, was unable to see why concerts on an important scale should be held anywhere else than in the palace he had built. A peculiarity of the palace, however, was that music could not be heard there to advantage; and as the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts, unlike General Othello, prefer "to hear" music, and that, too, as distinctly as practicable, it would hardly have suited the purposes of Directors to give their concerts in Mr. Gye's Crystal Palace. Somewhat later, the Monday performances of Italian operas at Covent Garden being established as a precedent, Mr. Gye wanted his orchestra—his orchestra, his whole orchestra, and nothing but his orchestra. This he must have, on Mondays and on Fridays, just as regularly as on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—really the only operatic days, or nights, for civilized amateurs. Deputies he would no longer tolerate. Thus, after some bickering, and a good deal of ill-feeling, the players, who, however inclined to strike, had not the talent for organization, were compelled to give in. Some few resisted; but the large majority could not afford a quarrel with so powerful an *impresario* as Mr. Gye, and so great a chief as Mr. Costa—in England, the autocrat of all the orchestras. So it came to pass that the Philharmonic Society must either change the day on which they had been used from the commencement to give their concerts, from Monday to Wednesday, or find a new orchestra. There is something unlucky in changing a day for many years held sacred to a special object; and with this conviction the Philharmonic Directors unanimously rejected the idea. Monday had been their day since 1812, and to Monday they were resolved to stick. The alternative, however bitter, was accepted. They adhered to their Mondays, and authorized their conductor to get together a new orchestra according to the best of his ability. The Cambridge Professor of Music, not a man to be easily disconcerted, at once and zealously set about his task. Within very recent years two new orchestras had sprung up—one at the Crystal Palace, under Herr Auguste Manns, one at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Signor Arditi—each, in his way, a conductor of first-rate ability. From these two orchestras, chiefly, Professor Bennett selected the materials of which he stood in want; and one fine evening the annual Philharmonic season began with an orchestra almost entirely consisting of players who had never till then assisted at a Philharmonic Concert, and very many of whom, in all probability, had never heard a symphony by Beethoven. Professor Bennett, however, diligently trained his new forces, and brought them to such a state of comparative perfection that, at the beginning of the present year—the fifty-fifth season of the Society's existence—in yielding up the conductor's *bâton* he was at any rate able to say to his successor, "I leave you a fine orchestra—make the best of it."

That the Philharmonic Society is, indeed, now in existence, is mainly owing to the artistic repute and direct personal influence of our best English musician; and we cannot blame the Directors for carrying out a resolution that, in filling up the place of Professor Bennett, it should be a *sine quâ non* that that successor must also be an Englishman. Whether in selecting Mr. W. G.

Cusins, himself a director and the nephew of another director, they have acted wisely, remains to be proved. Every one versed in musical affairs knew well enough that Mr. Cusins, for some years deputy-conductor to the Queen's Band, was a man of considerable acquirements—a composer of fair ability, and a good player both on the pianoforte and violin. But this did not satisfy many who insisted that the post of conductor to the Philharmonic Concerts was a post of honour, which could only in justice be conferred upon a professor of high and acknowledged standing. Though perhaps somewhat over-estimated as a conductor, there is little doubt that the appointment of the late Mr. Alfred Mellon, another Englishman, would have afforded more general satisfaction; while those who did not care greatly whether the Philharmonic conductor was a foreigner or an Englishman, provided only that he was the best to be met with, would have preferred more than one resident foreigner that could be named—and before all, Mr. Manns of the Crystal Palace. However, the chance fell to Mr. Cusins, and the experience derived from seven out of eight concerts of the present season has certainly shown nothing to encourage the opinion that the choice was a bad one. On the contrary, at the very first concert of the season, when, besides one of the symphonies of Haydn, which hardly require conducting at all, a great feature of the programme was the colossal No. 7 of Beethoven (in A), and the overtures were Bennett's *Naiades* and Cherubini's opera, *Les Abencerrages*, the new conductor showed himself perfectly at home. The performance generally was more noticeable for precision than for that delicate observance of light and shade which has won such hearty admiration for the concerts given weekly, on Saturdays, in the autumn, winter, and early spring, at the Crystal Palace; but it was remarkable for precision, and this in itself is a "legitimate" recommendation. Into the absolute refinements of orchestral execution we have doubts whether it is in the nature of Mr. Cusins to enter; but what, as a wholly new man, he managed to do with the single rehearsal which the laws of the Philharmonic Society permit, was really, under the particular circumstances, noteworthy. At this first concert, too, there was Spohr's ninth concerto for violin, played by no less a man than Herr Joachim; and it is only fair to add that the orchestral accompaniments, which are sufficiently elaborate, were a support, rather than an incumbrance, to that incomparable *virtuoso*. The programme of the second concert contained only one symphony, Beethoven's No. 4 (in B flat), the performance of which, though still wanting in delicacy, showed marked improvement. J. S. Bach's very staid orchestral *Suite* in D major, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and the "War-March" of the Levites from Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, might almost go as well without as with a conductor—so measured is the first, and so familiar are the other two. At this concert Mlle. Anna Mehlig, the young pianist from Hanover who created so lively an impression last year with Hummel's concerto in B minor, scarcely maintained the reputation she had earned by her first performance. Mendelssohn's second concerto was somewhat beyond her capacity, and she hardly succeeded in winning back her laurels by a spirited execution of Liszt's incoherent rhapsody, *La Campanella*. At the third concert the new conductor was less fortunate than at either of its predecessors. The first symphony on this occasion was that of Schumann in D minor, a work more full of pretension than of beauty, and only tolerable when played as we have heard it played under Herr Manns—a Schumannite if there ever was one—at the Crystal Palace. The performance by the Philharmonic orchestra, under Mr. Cusins, was coarse and unsatisfactory from first to last; and the symphony fell almost dead. That of Mendelssohn in A major ("The Italian") fared better; though even here the want of light and shade was unanimously felt. The orchestra, however, redeemed itself in the two overtures—Beethoven's *Egmont* and Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*; while the concert was made further interesting by Madame Schumann's bold and energetic, however occasionally unfinished, execution of Beethoven's concerto in G major (No. 4). This work which so puzzled the illustrious composer's friend and pupil, Ferdinand Ries, has puzzled many since.

The feature at the fourth concert was Beethoven's Choral Symphony, ninth and last of a series of works unparalleled in art. This was a bold venture with a new and comparatively inexperienced conductor, and as the result showed, somewhat precipitate. It is not intended to insinuate that Mr. Cusins met with a fate similar to that of Phaëton; but certainly at so early a stage he had undertaken a task beyond his strength, and we are not at all sure that Beethoven would have felt chary in dealing with him as Jove with the son of Phœbus and Clymene. The Ninth Symphony is no more to be conducted lightly than the Sun's chariot. In Haydn's B flat symphony—another "No. 9," but very different—Mr. Cusins was quite at home; and Mendelssohn's fiery overture to *Ruy Blas* wanted no conducting, with such an orchestra as that of the Philharmonic Society. At this concert Herr Straus played Molique's ingenious though laboured violin concerto in D minor admirably well, the orchestral accompaniments, too, being given with a delicacy creditable to the performers and their young director. At the fifth concert the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven was also very well executed; and, the unfamiliarity of the music allowed for, the two beautiful movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor were played in a manner deserving hearty recognition. About this symphony, or these fragments of a symphony, a volume might be written; about Schubert generally one hundred volumes. It is discreditable to avoid the tempting theme. At this concert we had two concertos.



The first was that of Molique for violoncello, a laboured, however ingenious, work, which, originally composed for Signor Piatti, has never been played by any other artist as the composer would himself like to have had it played. Herr Grützmacher, clever as he undoubtedly is, cannot be excepted. Moreover, he curtailed and modified the concerto, here and there, to suit his convenience, besides inserting an exceedingly dry *cadenza* of his own. One thing is positive; though Herr Grützmacher may occupy the first rank among German violoncellists, he is very far from being what certain preliminary announcements had led people to expect—a German Piatti. The other concerto was that of Mendelssohn in G minor, for pianoforte (No. 1), played by Herr Alfred Jaell, who would do well on a future occasion to pause before commencing the *finale* at impossible speed. There was only one overture at this concert; but as that overture was Cherubini's universally admired *Anacreon*, it would be hypercritical to complain. At the sixth concert we had Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), the overture to *Oberon*, an overture called *Marmion*, full of character and beauty, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Concerts by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, and Mr. Benedict's masterly pianoforte concerto in E flat, played by Madame Arabella Goddard with the same success as, a short time previously, at the Crystal Palace. At the seventh, which was attended by the Prince of Wales, Mendelssohn's splendid musical poem, *The First Walpurgis Night*, Beethoven's romantic and beautiful *Choral Fantasia* (Madame Arabella Goddard playing the pianoforte part), Spohr's first symphony (in E flat), and the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz* (Madlle. Tietjens) made up the programme, which could hardly have been more attractive. In so far as the merits of the performance are concerned, the last two concerts were superior to any and all of their predecessors; and this speaks well for the newly-appointed conductor.

We have thus briefly recapitulated the doings of the Philharmonic Society in this its 55th season—passing over the vocal music, which is relatively of small importance. The welfare of the oldest and most consistent institution of its order which London can boast must be a matter of interest to all who care for music. The Musical Society of London is virtually defunct; and it would be worth the consideration of the Philharmonic Directors to extend their operations, so as to make their concerts more generally accessible. The Monday Popular Concerts have shown that a large and constant audience can be found in London for the highest order of chamber music; and it is hard to understand, if nearly 2,000 people can be brought together to listen to quartets, sonatas, &c., in St. James's Hall, why just as large an audience should not be found for orchestral symphonies and overtures. In conclusion, the Philharmonic Directors may be reminded that all the pledges of their prospectus have not been carried out. One concert only remains; and at this the completed symphony in G minor of Professor Sterndale Bennett is to be given. We have also heard the new overture by Mr. Sullivan; but no new overture by M. Gounod has been forthcoming, and no new work by Mr. Benedict, whose pianoforte concerto, it should be remembered, was first played by Madame Goddard, not in the Hanover Square Rooms, but at the Crystal Palace.

## REVIEWS.

ST. JEROME.—AMÉDÉE THIERRY.\*

M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY has chosen in St. Jerome a subject well suited to his method of representing a period by a set of pictures in detail, but his treatment seems to us to fail in two points. He is too prolix; as, for instance, when he thinks it necessary or interesting to follow Jerome and his company of lady travellers step by step through their journeys in Syria and Palestine, sketching what he supposed they saw, and imagining what he supposed they felt. A more serious shortcoming is that he fails, as it appears to us, to form, or at any rate to express, with force and comprehensiveness a distinct picture of St. Jerome's character as a whole. This is the more material because it is what he professedly undertakes to do, and what he remarks upon as wanting in the works of preceding writers. But though he may have taken a different point of view from them, he does not seem to us to have hit what he aimed at. He exhibits particular sides of the character which he depicts with clearness and attention to historical evidence. But we still miss the complete living man, painted really from life, and not from a conventional notion of him. M. Thierry seems to write of him timidly, as if he felt bound to treat with all respect a rather strange saint, whom at the same time he could not at bottom quite make out; and he writes of him apparently with not the faintest sense of humour. No doubt St. Jerome is a Father of the Church; and his great works impress our imagination with a sense of their importance which is by no means out of proportion with their intrinsic value. But, in spite of the idea which we derive of him from famous pictures, where he is represented as a venerable recluse with his legendary lion, or as receiving his last communion, St. Jerome is one of whom it is impossible to write with reality and justice unless plenty of room is made for his ruggedness, irritability, and coarseness, and for the odd and

ludicrous contrasts between the ideal of saintliness and the matter-of-fact outbursts of his ultra-Johnsonian roughness and impetuosity of temper. It is easy to write of him as a high saint whom it is irreverent to criticize; it is easy also to write of him with any amount of sarcasm and abuse. But what is wanted is to do real justice to a very remarkable man—remarkable in his self-dedication to religion and study, and remarkable also in his fierce energy, and coarse loves and hates; to be sensible of his ungovernable rudeness and extravagance, and of its abundant grotesqueness and frequent repulsiveness, yet to be alive also to the strength and unselfish laboriousness of that robust and indefatigable nature. But of all this combination M. Thierry is, as far as we can see, only partially conscious. He never ventures to be amused with St. Jerome; and a man who can write about St. Jerome without being at least sometimes amused at him cannot, we think, be said to have taken his measure.

Jerome, the Romanized Provincial, the harsh and violent Dalmatian in blood, the Roman in artificial culture, but utterly without taste or justice or moderation, one of those products of the contact of high civilization with ambitious and aspiring barbarism so common in his day and not unknown in our own, was a combination of the ascetic, the student and critic, the satirist and pamphleteer, and the director and guide of aristocratic religious ladies. When all these characters were grafted on a nature in the highest degree passionate, enthusiastic, inexhaustible in its rough vigour, self-confident, and without the faintest notion of checking and restraining itself, the result is at any rate not a commonplace one. And no writer of the same class, not even St. Augustine or Tertullian, has told us so much about himself, and impressed the stamp of his personal character so curiously on his writings. There must be plenty to say about such a man; but M. Thierry seems to us to have missed the true way of conceiving him, and to have been led astray by a formula. Jerome, he says, was above everything "a man of action." It is in action that the unity of his character emerges out of the various partial and inadequate aspects of him; it is by action that he was so powerful among his contemporaries, and that he is immortal in history. "Jerome," we are told, "has done more than he has written, and for the most part, he wrote only with an eye to immediate action." His works were works for the occasion, thrown off at a heat on the spur of a real emergency. And more than any of his contemporaries he was "a man of the fourth century"; he was *pars magna* of all that marked the time; he cannot be understood without thoroughly understanding the "opinions, wants, passions, prejudices of that period." Therefore, says M. Thierry, "il faut devenir avec lui homme de son temps." The conclusion is unexceptionable, only unluckily it is one of those things which are more easily said than done; but we do not agree with the statement on which it rests. It seems to us mere exaggeration to talk of Jerome's greatness in action, or indeed to talk of his "power" among his contemporaries. He was great by the peculiar and rare character of his literary activity, and by the results, in their value inestimable, and manifest to all the world, which were their fruit and imperishable monument. What we understand by a man's greatness being in action is such a career as that of Athanasius, or, in another way, Augustine. But it is sheer overstatement to say that Jerome played a part such as theirs. What M. Thierry means is that, student and critic as he was, Jerome had a large correspondence, and imprinted his own personality, his life, his adventures, his loves, his hates, his quarrels, his passing humour and moods, on his commentaries and theological treatises. The man is always before us; he contrives to interweave notices of what was passing round him, and references to real men and his own experience of them, with everything that he writes; and he lets us into his opinions and feelings with a vigour and unreserve which certainly give great animation to his writings. It is true, also, as M. Thierry says, that some of his most considerable works were begun, not simply for the sake of their subject, but to satisfy the wish or the needs of a friend. Or else some question or some tendency stirred and alarmed him, and he straight wrote off a pamphlet or an invective. All this contributes to connect them with a real life, to fill them with touches which disclose character and feeling. It enables us to see Jerome as a living man, acting and feeling; but it is not enough to justify us in talking of him as eminently a "man of action."

Further, M. Thierry has followed a method of writing which undoubtedly saves a good deal of trouble and is convenient for vivid and picturesque representation, but which is not so favourable to exact truth, and does not command a reader's confidence. He seems to make it his rule simply to accept Jerome's points of view and his statements. Jerome's letters, and polemical pamphlets and prefaces, are a perfect mine of forcible and precise narrative, and of pointed and epigrammatic commentary. M. Thierry seems to think that a biographer may safely take them all as the well-weighted words of an informant thoroughly to be depended upon. It seems to us that it is impossible to read twenty lines, either of Jerome's eulogy or of his abuse, without feeling that he was one of the most passionate and exaggerated of writers. If ever strong language gave warning to the reader that it needed to be sifted and taken with large allowance, it is Jerome's. But M. Thierry scarcely seems sensible that he is dealing with a writer given to strong language, apt to speak vehemently on first impressions, equally undiscriminating in his admiration and his hostility, and obviously delighting in the exercise of his talents for strong and coarse sarcasm. Considering that Jerome was generally in the thick of a good quarrel, it is not safe for his biographer to be so

\* *Saint Jérôme. La Société Chrétienne à Rome, et l'Émigration Romaine en Terre Sainte.* Par M. Amédée Thierry, Sénateur et Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1867.

trusting. In his controversies Jerome may have been in the right; but something more than his own word ought to be shown for it. And in all that he says of the Roman ladies, on whom he exercised so remarkable an influence, and for whom, amid the dangers and at last fall of the city and the miseries of the perishing Empire, he found a refuge in the convent of Bethlehem, what we wish for is that the real facts could be separated from his obviously extravagant and often fulsome rhetoric about them. But in this we get no help from M. Thierry. He accepts it all, merely translating it into elegant and graceful French, and softening down the coarsest and most offensive portions. And while he scarcely seems to appreciate what is so often brutal and unjust in Jerome's abuse of his opponents, he is almost as severe as Jerome himself upon their misbehaviour and bad motives. He gives an account of Jerome's quarrel with the Bishop of Jerusalem, which began about the doctrines of Origen, and ended in Jerome's estrangement from his old friend Rufinus. It is a quarrel about which, if anything is clear, it is that it was a most disagreeable exhibition of the temper and motives of all the persons concerned in it, and it is made more repulsive by its connexion with one of the most odious and detestable episodes in the history of the fourth century—the policy and proceedings of Theophilus of Alexandria with respect to Origen's followers and opinions. We have our knowledge of it mainly from Jerome's version of it, and it is impossible to read his account without seeing how he and every one else deceived themselves into thinking that a fierce and unscrupulous indulgence of personal jealousies and dislikes was really a controversy about theological truth. But M. Thierry is blind to everything except the bad passions and bad behaviour of those on the opposite side to Jerome. We do not say that he is not right in preferring Jerome to Rufinus. Perhaps Rufinus was cold, selfish, ungrateful, envious. Perhaps Jerome's former affection for him was misplaced and ill-repaid. Perhaps the enthusiastic Melania of the convent on Olivet looked with a jealous eye on the enthusiastic Paula and Eustochium at Bethlehem, and caused a coldness between old friends. But we think that a distinguished French historian, writing about them in cold blood in our days, ought to have shown us some better reason for thinking so than that it was Jerome's way of looking at the matter. He has no words hard enough for Rufinus; there is no measure of malignant and artful hostility against Jerome which he does not impute to him. His was not a common jealousy—he was a *ténébreux hypocrite*; he was suspected of enriching himself at the expense of the poor; many people thought him *un malhonnête homme*; he was conceited, affected, pompous, and a stammerer. All means of attacking Jerome came equally well to his hand, and he “*ramassait*” all that he could find anywhere of spiteful scribbles and contemptible sectaries, a “*meute retentissante*,” to annoy and calumniate his great adversary. Yet every word of this rests simply on the bitter invectives of Jerome himself, of whom an equally bad character, though not quite so mercilessly ferocious, might be extracted from the writings of Rufinus. M. Thierry actually seems to think that it tells against Rufinus that Jerome called him “*Grunnius*,” and a “*Chimera*.” So, again, who would not think, for instance, in reading the following, that M. Thierry had some plausible grounds for thus contrasting the pride and ambition of the patrician lady who was against Jerome with the humility and modesty of her who was for him? And yet it is simply his assumption, because one is praised by Jerome, and the other had forfeited his favour. And who would not suppose, too, that M. Thierry thought Jerome's fashion of revenging himself, on the whole, to be one worthy of admiration, for its ingenuity and completeness, while it was fully justified by the wrongs which provoked it:—

La fastueuse humilité d'une patricienne d'époque récente [sic. Melania] n'imposait plus à côté de l'abnégation de deux filles des Scipions [Paula et Eustochium], offrant en holocauste, devant l'étable du Christ, le plus grand nom de l'histoire romaine. Les douces vertus de Paula, son savoir modeste, sa vie saintement cachée, ne contrastaient pas moins avec l'humeur altière et l'agitation bruyante de Mélanie; mais ce qui dut blesser celle-ci sur toute chose, ce fut de voir l'homme à la renommée duquel elle avait cru jusqu'à y attacher la sienne [Rufinus], amoindri, effacé, devant l'incomparable gloire de Jérôme. De ces plaies de l'orgueil et de la jalousie, il s'était formé dans son cœur un ulcère qui le rongea. Irrité de tant de persécutions où l'odieuse se mêlait à l'injustice, Jérôme s'en vengea avec éclat, et, dans l'ordre de sentiments, qui avaient prise sur son ennemie, sa vengeance fut complète. Il retrancha de ses livres les éloges qu'il lui avait donnés jadis et qui l'avaient fait connaître dans le monde. Le passage de sa chronique où il la proclamait la plus illustre des femmes chrétiennes et une seconde Thècle, fut impitoyablement supprimé. Il évita dès lors de la nommer dans ses lettres, ou il ne le fit plus qu'avec amertume. Comme Mélanie, en Grec, signifiait *noire*, il disait que “Son nom était l'image vivante de son âme.”

By this obvious want of just insight M. Thierry has spoiled what is really the interesting part of his book, his picture of the Roman Faubourg St. Germain in the fourth century. Jerome's writings supply the materials for a picture, very curious and lifelike, even if it be in some points overcharged, of the high and fashionable society at Rome as it was affected by the two new and eventful conditions of that age. These two conditions were, one of them, the progress of Christianity among the rich and important families of the capital; the other, the disastrous and dreary prospect of things in the Empire, which year by year were becoming more hopeless till men's worst fears were realized in the sack of Rome by Alaric. Christianity acted, as it was natural that it should act, especially when it was still so new to the world, in two ways. It had become a fresh and novel road to wealth, to power, to worldly enjoyments, and it attracted of course crowds of votaries who made no scruple of using to the full the advantages which were

thus opened to them; and, on the other hand, the really earnest people who embraced it for itself, for its truths, its hopes, and its rules of life, interpreted it in the most extreme and uncompromising way of which it was capable. On one side, Rome was full of priests, monks, and devotees, sleek, fashionable, easy-going, masters of all the arts of getting money and enjoying it, whom Jerome describes with a zest and force which would do no discredit to Juvenal; and the Bishopric of Rome had become a post which men, considered respectable, put themselves at the head of armed factions to gain, and won at the price of riot, bloodshed, and executions. On the other side, the more serious minds thought that the only way in which they could show their belief and interest in Christianity was by doing their best to break up and discredit the life of the family, hopelessly tainted, as they thought, by the vices of heathenism, and by scattering all their possessions broadcast to those who wanted and to those who asked. Rome was Babylon, and the only place for Christians was in those Eastern solitudes where men divested themselves of every tie to this life and lived only to pray, or at least in some retirement from society where they might be entirely separate from a world doomed and visibly on its way to ruin. This was the sort of people with whom Jerome early became connected, and among whom he played his part; the fine-lady world of Rome, which had turned from the extreme of luxury and delicate living to a degree of severity and self-renunciation that never seemed hard and absolute enough, which in its fierce reaction against the long-licensed voluptuousness of heathen civilization was barely willing to spare marriage, and made a point of doing everything to discourage and disturb it. It was a social revolution which without question elicited a high degree of strength and noble effort from natures which otherwise would have been wasted and would have perished in the break up of that degenerate time; but which was accompanied with all that might be expected of overstrained exaltation of feeling and temper, of recklessness and harshness, and in no small measure with the self-deceit and half-heartedness, issuing in inconsistency and juggling trickery, which weak minds always bring into austere and exacting movements that carry them helplessly away in their overpowering swing. This rush of the rich and high-born and delicate into poverty and hardship, and into the stern opinions which were then accounted of the essence of religion, is a hard subject to judge fairly about under greatly changed conditions of society. Seen closely and in detail, there is much that is most objectionable—objectionable on the best and most solid grounds. Yet when we look at it at a distance and in the long run, in connexion with the circumstances around it, if it was mischievous, it was also fruitful in high and beneficial influences. It helped to elevate the level of feeling about women, as well as the general standard of what men might and ought to do to aid and console one another; it helped also to redeem a decayed society, and get out of it the best, probably, that it was capable of yielding. The tendency to harsh extremes which belongs to the condition of a religion which is in form a sect was still powerful in Christianity. That was in the nature of things, and could not be helped. Given the existing conditions of the world, as between what Jerome represented and what was represented by his antagonists, Jovinian and Vigilantius, we can have little doubt about our preference. Both were extreme, and both were coarse and unreasonable; but, at least, Jerome on the whole had a high purpose. Probably it was best under the circumstances that Jerome should be, as M. Thierry describes him, the leader of high society at Rome. Only it ought to be remembered that what was the best thing under such circumstances need not be very admirable in itself, or an example to be held up with sympathy and eulogistic colouring to other times.

M. Thierry seems rather carried away by his admiration for Marcella's house for devout ladies on the Aventine, and for the patrician colony—the “*émigration*” as he calls it—which followed Jerome to Palestine, and settled with him in the convents of Bethlehem, under the government of Paula and Eustochium. But his picture of the whole of this society, with its high-spirited and strong-minded leaders, its contrasts and foils among the Pagans and the worldly Christians of the same set, its passion for Biblical learning and for the sacred languages, its deep and romantic interest in the scenes of sacred history, its resolute and unflinching perseverance in its purpose of the austere religion, is well put together. What it wants is that qualifying caution and measure which most conveys the impression that a man feels what he is talking about to be real; and, what belongs to the same attitude of mind, fair and even dealing among the various personages of the story, who sometimes in their actual career came into collision. M. Thierry seems to us to form his idea of ladies like Paula and her companions from the ideas he has got of the religious duchesses and countesses of Paris. Now of course it is legitimate to make one set of people help you to imagine their counterparts of another age; but it is necessary to be careful not to confound the two, and not to lose the real characteristics of the one in a too hasty assumption of their likeness. And further, as we have noticed before, he is not even-handed. Why in the world is the unlucky Melania to be always spoken of with disparaging epithets, while Paula is always honoured with the most reverential language? Why is Melania called regularly “*orgueilleuse*,” a “*terrible fanatique*,” the “*victim of mysticism*,” a “*millenarian prophetess*,” and so forth, for doing neither more nor less than Paula, who is always held up as a wonderful combination of the sternest austerity, with the greatest humility and modesty? The



reason is, and there is no other to be given, that Melania had Rufinus for her director, and therefore must have shown the bad side of the religious fervour of the time—a good reason for a legend writer or a dealer in stories, but one against which a writer like M. Thierry ought to have been on his guard. But the value of his book altogether, vivid and full of matter as it is, is greatly diminished by that spirit of exaggeration which mistakes the true proportion and place of what is really great and important. It needs no exaggeration to state truly the importance of a life like Jerome's. He was a man of real genius and lofty aims. His association with Roman ladies like Paula and her family, and their community with him in his studies and great works, throws a touch of the romantic over the ruggedness of the monk and the scholar; and we can perhaps hardly estimate the benefits which his spirit of criticism, and his acquaintance with Oriental learning, rude and imperfect as it may seem to us now, wrought for the Western Church. The Latins, stiff, ignorant, self-satisfied, and presumptuous, had already got far into the groove of traditional and customary blunders when Jerome began; and he had a hard matter, as it was, to persuade them that there was anything for them to learn and to correct. He was the link between Eastern learning and Latin prejudice and conservatism; and he was the only man probably, for Augustine wanted critical scholarship, who could have saved the Latin Church from perpetuating and consecrating more mistakes with respect to the Bible than it did. But M. Thierry is really absurd in his rhetorical flourishes about him. "Le plus grand théologien qui fût au monde," "le grand justicier des mœurs," "jamais les oracles de la Grèce païenne ne requèrent autant de députations à leurs portes," are some of the extravagant exaggerations which M. Thierry falls into from forgetting that there were other people besides his hero in the world. And this tendency to rhetoric tempts him at times to misread his texts. Here is an instance. Sophronius, he says, translated Jerome's Latin version of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, and he proceeds:—

L'Occident eut le rare et suprême honneur de voir une interprétation grecque de la Bible, puisée chez un auteur latin, remplacer dans beaucoup d'Églises d'Asie le texte consacré des Septante."

An honour, indeed, if it were so; and we look with curiosity, as Jerome does often say unexpected things, for the authority for this remarkable statement. Jerome, however, says nothing about "churches," or about his text taking the place of any other. He simply observes:—

Me putabam bene mereri de Latinis meis [in translating from the Hebrew], et nostrorum ad discendum animos concitare, quod etiam Græci versum de latino, post tot interpretes, non fastidiunt."—In Ruf. II. No. 24.

We cannot find in Jerome's modest statement any authority for M. Thierry's singularly improbable one.

#### BRANDE AND COX'S DICTIONARY.\*

THIS is seemingly the fourth edition of a Dictionary the first edition of which was published twenty-four years back. It now claims to be "substantially a new work," and the words "fourth edition" therefore do not appear on the title-page. The work, we are told, has been re-edited and rewritten throughout, and in the process it has changed its shape from one very thick volume to three of more moderate size. Comparing the list of contributors given in the third edition with that given in the present, we see that not only are many articles entirely new, but that many whole subjects have been entrusted to new hands. Mr. Cox himself is one; so is Mr. J. E. T. Rogers, who has undertaken the subjects appropriate to his own Professorship. Mr. Cox undertakes Architecture, Language, Logic, and Mythology, and divides History and General Literature with Mr. Herman Merivale, who in the former edition was confined to Law. But now, in the second and third volumes at least, Mr. Herman Merivale shares Law with Mr. A. P. Whately of Christ Church. Dr. Charles Merivale, in the former edition, undertook Theology. This is now expanded into Theology and Ecclesiastical Literature, and is divided between Dr. Merivale and Mr. Cox. Professor Owen formerly undertook Zoology, Anatomy, and Physiology. These, with the addition of Palæontology, are now grouped under the head of the "Biological Sciences," and are divided between Professor Owen and Mr. C. C. Blake. Mr. McCulloch and Dr. Joseph Cauvin seem to have vanished. Mr. McCulloch had Political Economy to himself, and divided General Literature with Dr. Cauvin. Their functions are now divided between Mr. Cox, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Herman Merivale. The death of Professor Brande during the progress of the work gave by far the greater share of the editorship to Mr. Cox. "Professor Brande had in great part revised the articles which relate to his own subjects;" but, further than this, the whole work of editing seems to have fallen upon Mr. Cox. It is clear that he is responsible for the whole arrangement and distribution among the contributors of the literary and artistic, as distinguished from the scientific, subjects, while many of the most important articles are his own composition. As none of the contributors seek to be anonymous, while most of the subjects are divided between two or more contributors, we could wish that each writer

had added his initials, as in Dr. Smith's Dictionaries. Mr. Cox says of his fellow-workers:—

The fulness and accuracy with which they have treated their several subjects render it necessary only to express a hope that throughout the book, and especially in all controverted or doubtful matters, the articles may be found to exhibit a judicially strict impartiality, which, while stating indifferently the opinions maintained by conflicting schools or parties, leaves it to the reader to draw his own conclusions from the evidence of facts laid before him.

This last praise he may most justly claim. We do not say that either Mr. Cox or his contributors always succeed in hiding their bias on controverted points; but we can say that they make an evidently honest attempt to deal fairly by all parties, and that in none of the articles which we have read do they fall into any sort of tone inconsistent with the somewhat stately and decorous forms of a Dictionary.

Though Mr. Cox speaks of the present edition as substantially a new work, a great many of the old articles are retained, sometimes untouched, sometimes with various changes. This is especially the case with the shorter and less prominent articles. Here must have been the great difficulty of editorial work with such a book as this. The chief articles in this Dictionary have been wholly rewritten or carefully revised, and all of which we can judge are thoroughly up to the last lights on their several subjects. But many of the shorter articles were poor and meagre in the former edition, and they remain poor and meagre still. We can fully understand an editor's difficulties in this matter. It is the old problem of sewing a new piece of cloth to an old garment. An article of primary importance, if it does not seem to be up to the highest standard, is rewritten or remodelled as a matter of course. An article of less moment attracts less attention both from the editor and from the reader; if it is not grossly bad, the editor is very likely, in sheer weariness, to let it stand. It may be poor in point of style and inadequate in point of matter, and yet may not contain any actually inaccurate statements. The editor is in such a case strongly tempted to leave it alone. Or it may contain inaccuracies or deficiencies which it seems as if a few verbal changes will set straight. And so in a certain sense they may; a few strokes of the editor's pen may get rid of positive blunders, but they cannot turn a bad article into a good one. A great number of the lesser literary and historical articles are of this sort. Either Mr. Cox or Mr. Herman Merivale would have written something very different in the first instance; but human nature shrank from the task of rewriting everything, and the process of patching has not always been satisfactory. Take the articles "Emperor" and "Cæsar." In the edition of 1853, after a fair sketch enough of the elder Empire we read—

Charlemagne assumed the title of emperor after his coronation at Rome, and from his time this title (in German *Kaiser*) was claimed exclusively in Western Europe by the rulers of Germany. On the dissolution of the German Empire in 1805, the title passed to the Emperor of Austria, and in the same year Napoleon assumed it in France; the Czars of Russia claimed it in the days of Alexander.

Of course no editor could let this tissue of nonsense and blunders stand; so we get the following substitute:—

The title of Emperor of the Romans, with that of Augustus, was conferred in 800 by Pope Leo III. on Charlemagne, by whose successors it was held until the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire in 1805. The imperial style has since been assumed by the Archdukes of Austria, by the Bonapartes in France, and by the Czars of Russia.

This is all quite right, except the date, which should be 1806, but the passage fits on very awkwardly to what goes before, and we are sure that a person who knew nothing at all about the matter would not come away with any clear notion of the connexion between the earlier and the later Empire. Had Mr. Cox written an article from the beginning, he would have written something very different; but here was an article to be used up, part of which was in itself just good enough to keep, while part of it was not; hence the difficulty.

So in the article "Cæsar," the old article got down from Nero to Alexius Comnenus, and added:—

In the West, it was assumed by the emperors of Germany, and in German "Kaiser" is now the peculiar title of the emperor of Austria, who has succeeded to several of the dignities of the former.

This was too much for human endurance; so in the new edition it appears—

In the West, it was conferred on Charles the Great, and was borne by those who succeeded him on the imperial throne of the Holy Roman Empire. Although this dignity came to an end with the resignation of Francis II. in 1806, the title Kaiser is still assumed by the Emperor of Austria.

These are the sort of difficulties with which a man has to struggle who has to make a silk purse of a sow's ear. No wonder if he sometimes breaks down under them altogether. Mr. Cox probably thought that the Emperor, *Mundi Dominus*, was at least satisfied with the round world and all that is therein, that it was not needful to keep watch on astronomical articles lest any strange statements on Imperial matters should creep in unawares among descriptions of the planets or the milky way. But, unluckily, one Emperor was given to star-gazing, and got much mixed up with the astronomers of his time. Therefore in the article "Rudolphine Tables" we find a person described by the portentous title of "Rudolph II., Emperor of Bohemia." It is of more importance, and we can less easily understand the cause of error, when in two articles, "Diet" and "Federal Government," though the latter has been largely recast, we find a description of the Swiss Constitution referring wholly to the state of

\* A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, comprising the Definitions and Derivations of the Scientific Terms in General Use, together with the History and Descriptions of the Scientific Principles of nearly every Branch of Human Knowledge. Edited by W. T. Brande, D.C.L., and the Rev. George W. Cox, M.A. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1865-7.

things before 1848, with some ideas borrowed from Bonaparte's Act of Mediation.

We mention these things, not by way of finding fault with the present edition, but rather by way of setting forth the singular difficulties with which the editor and his fellow-workers have had to struggle. One remarkable feature which must strike every one in the present edition is easily to be accounted for and defended. The first impression of every one must be that Mr. Cox has given an altogether disproportionate space to his own favourite study of Comparative Mythology. We should certainly say so, if Mr. Cox had designed the Dictionary from the beginning. But any one who compares the present edition with the former will at once see the cause, and will, we think, readily acknowledge that the present editor has, to use the strongest words, only yielded to a temptation which flesh and blood could not have resisted. We know not on what principles the old edition was planned. We do not very well understand how mythology, before mythology had the least claim to be a science, found any prominent place in a Dictionary whose main objects were clearly scientific. But so it was. History, properly so called, came in for a much less share of attention than Mythology, or, as some of the articles call it, "Fabulous History." Who would look in such a book for articles on Cacus and Philoctetes? And who, finding articles on Cacus and Philoctetes, would not expect also to find articles on Æneas, Achilles, and Paris? Such, however, is the system of the old edition. It is rather rich in mythological articles of a kind; but they are poor even for their own day. No one can wonder that Mr. Cox, having this start given him, should have patched up some articles, rewritten others, added new ones, and in short taken every advantage of so tempting an opportunity to set forth his own cherished ideas. We need hardly say what Mr. Cox's mythological articles are like. They are overflowing with learning, ingenuity, and all the gifts of a rich and elegant fancy, but, what some sober people may be inclined to call a little too go-a-head. Perhaps, too, they may seem a little too positive for expositions of a subject which professes to be a science, but which is at any rate a young science, and one which can reach perfection only gradually and most likely through a large amount of error in its first stages. It is here, if anywhere, that we should say that Mr. Cox has sometimes deviated a little from that stern impartiality of statement to which he and his colleagues so rigidly adhere in graver matters. The prominence of the mythological department increases as the book goes on, or as the editor warms with his subject. We confess that there is a little too much of it; but, considering the evident history of its introduction, we cannot make it matter of blame.

There is perhaps no article which gives a better idea of what the present editor has done for the work than the article "Language." The article in the old edition showed the feeblest possible glimmering of Grimm's Law, and that was about all that could be said; it is now exchanged for a full, clear, and scientific essay on the general subject, which we should have liked to see supported by more articles than we find on particular branches of the subject. But we are surprised, under the article "Teutonic," to find an undue prominence, combined with an evident editorial leaning, given to the wild speculations of Mr. L. O. Pike. The subject of Architecture has gained quite as much as that of Language. In the former edition it was intrusted to Mr. Joseph Gwilt, F.S.A. and F.R.A.S., the author, we believe, of some bulky works on the subject, but who, in the year 1853, when a good deal of light had been thrown upon it, was still so grossly ignorant as to believe that the late Romanesque work at Barfreston and at Christ Church, Oxford, was older than the Norman Conquest. Mr. Cox has of course made short work with rubbish of this sort, and has here again given a full and clear view of the general subject. We are not sure, however, that what is wanted in a Dictionary of this sort is these rather elaborate general essays so much as clear explanations of matters of detail, the meanings of technical phrases and the like. These are what we should look for in a Dictionary, rather than essays on more general subjects. But here comes the difficulty of the whole thing. Employ a man of real powers on such a work, and he will not fail to repay himself for endless drudgery by writing some things which it will be a pleasure to him to write. Employ an inferior man, and the drudgery itself will be got through in an imperfect and perfunctory fashion.

But we will turn to one subject of quite another sort. The article "Post-Office" in the former edition, contained some remarks in the very spirit of Mr. Croker:—

Such are the more prominent features of the new system; and none can deny that it has the recommendations of simplicity and cheapness in its favour, and that it has greatly facilitated correspondence. But it may nevertheless be doubted whether its adoption was expedient. It is certainly very convenient for merchants, bankers, middlemen, and retail dealers to get letters for 1*d.* that previously cost them 7*d.* or 7½*d.*; but their satisfaction is not the only thing to be attended to in forming a fair estimate of the measure. The public exigencies require that a sum of above fifty millions a year should be raised, one way or other; and so long as we are pressed by an unreasoning necessity of this sort, it is not much to say in favour of the repeal or diminution of any tax, that those on whom it fell with the greatest severity are delighted with the reduction. Sugar has in England become a necessary of life, and its consumption, to say the least of it, is quite as indispensable to the bulk of the people, and especially to the labouring classes, as the writing of letters. But would it, therefore, be a wise measure to repeal the duty on sugar, or to reduce it 1*s.* a cwt.? It has been alleged, indeed, that taxes on the transmission of letters are objectionable on principle, and should therefore be repealed, independently altogether of financial considerations. But it is easier to make an allegation of this sort than to prove it. All taxes, however imposed, if they be carried beyond their

proper limits, are objectionable; but provided these be not exceeded, we have yet to learn why a tax on a letter should be more objectionable than a tax on the paper on which it is written, on the food of the writer, or on fifty other things.

Professor Rogers, as might be expected, not only strikes all this out, but refutes the fallacy of his predecessor:—

Many persons objected strongly, at the time of passing the new Act, to the rate at which the postage would be levied for the future. The most powerful argument brought forward by the objectors was that of the loss likely to accrue to the revenue; and it cannot be denied that the prediction was verified, the office having only lately returned annual profits equal to those obtained before the alteration was made. But the moral advantages of a cheap postal system are far more important than the mere question of the revenue derived from the post office; and beyond question the commercial benefits which have ensued from providing the means of cheap and ready communications have helped the revenue indirectly by returns infinitely in excess of that which could have been obtained under the old system. Any tax on correspondence is a great bar to exchange, a serious hindrance to trade, and therefore a damage to the gross revenue derivable, as all revenue must be, from the profits of production and commerce. It is true that as long as the profit is in excess of the charge at which letters are collected and delivered, the rate is of the nature of a tax; but as long, on the other hand, as the government system provides means of communication at a rate lower than that at which joint-stock enterprise could do the same service, it is a gain to the public, and in so far as it represents a profit upon the capital employed in the labour, it is an advantageous method by which a nation trades on its own account. Nor is it to the purpose to compare the taxation of the old system, with a tax upon any convenience of life, as sugar or tea. Once paid, the taxes levied on such commodities as these have ceased to have any effect. But a heavy tax levied upon an act necessary for the purposes of trade produces far more loss than its first and immediate incidence. It hampers and hinders other operations, and in effect does what the worst tax does—costs a community far more than it gets for the revenue.

Altogether the Dictionary is a highly valuable one, and such of the more important articles as we have examined are thoroughly up to the newest lights in their several lines. That the book has been a good deal hampered, and the value of some of the less prominent articles diminished, by vestiges of a past state of things cleaving to the work, is hardly a reasonable ground of blame to the present editor or his contributors.

#### HOMMES ET DIEUX.\*

M. DE SAINT-VICTOR is fond, in schoolboy phrase, of writing themes, and he may think himself fortunate in having had to write them in French rather than in English. When we find that we owe chiefly to accident the choice of the sermons published by Bishop Butler from the large store of discourses delivered at the Rolls Chapel through a series of years, we can but wonder at the whole of which the selections taken at random formed but an insignificant part. We may repine at the treasures thus ruthlessly thrown away, but we feel that probably with no other pile of manuscripts could such an experiment be repeated with anything like the same result. In the fifteen sermons which he thought fit to preserve, Butler has embodied a complete system of ethical philosophy, as thoroughly worked out as if the sermons were chapters in one continuous treatise. M. de Saint-Victor modestly avows that no such unity is to be sought in the papers which he, with the same accidental selection, has taken from his large store. They relate to many unconnected subjects, and were composed on very different occasions, the only link between them being the inspiration which gave them birth. They all "sprang from a great love of art and an earnest search after truth."

Turning from the preface to the essays, we find ourselves perusing desultory papers which make us feel the great convenience of the French language as a vehicle for expressing neat and not very profound sentiment, as well as the most exact scientific knowledge. The reader of M. de Saint-Victor's pages will not learn much from them if he knows anything of the subjects treated. If he knows nothing, he may possibly think that he has made some great discoveries, and that, after studying them well, he may call himself a philosopher. But even the most critical of his readers will probably acknowledge that they are carried along very pleasantly, and that they are in no hurry to part company with one who can make so agreeable a journey through countries with which they are almost too familiar. As the author disclaims any systematic purpose in his task, we have no right to quarrel with the banquet, except in so far as the bill of fare may be likely to mislead us as to the character of some of the dishes set before us. First in the volume are a series of papers on mythological subjects, which we approached in the hope that we might derive from them the profit and instruction to be found in the masterly researches of M. Bréal. If from the papers on the great goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, or on Diana and Helen, we might receive but a tithe of the knowledge gained from M. Bréal's analysis of the legend of Hercules and Cacus, the time bestowed on M. de Saint-Victor's pages would be well spent. In this expectation we were soon disappointed, but the good taste and good sense of the writer left no room for irritation, although we own to a feeling of surprise when, on passing from the chapter on Helen to another on Meleager, we found ourselves in a discussion, not on the Ætolian hero, but on the Erotic epigrammatist of the Anthology. It is a pleasant *couserie*—the French term forces itself on us for a commodity so distinctively French. So long as there is leisure for such reading, there can be no objection to hearing of *Ægéné*, on

\* *Hommes et Dieux, Études d'Histoire et de Littérature.* Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1867.



whom her lover bids the earth lie light because she had pressed so lightly on it. M. de Saint-Victor is so struck with this pretty notion that he brings his paper at once to an end. Like *Æigéné*, Meleager has so lightly pressed on the earth that even praise can scarcely obtain a hold upon him. Around him move forms fairer perhaps and lighter than his own, the bearers of the harmonious names which are shrined in his elegies. But M. de Saint-Victor will have it that all these names represent beings of flesh and blood, and that they were each and all the mistresses of Meleager. It would be somewhat venturesome to draw the same conclusion from the odes of Horace or the songs of Thomas Moore; but here M. de Saint-Victor not only builds on slender foundations, but frames a theory to account for the contrast between the poetry of Meleager and that of an earlier age:—

The crowd of his mistresses suggests at once the idea of the Seraglio. In each epigram some new woman rises and mingles with those who have gone before her. The poet gathers them together in one voluptuous trophy; nay, sometimes he celebrates not so much his mistress as his harem. He revels in a chaos of loves. The images of his mistresses dance round him as round a drunken man; he borrows from each her most beautiful features to form his many-phased ideal.

Of course it may be so; but we should know something more of the man before we can assert the fact with any confidence. As it is, Meleager himself is to us almost as much a mere name as the *Heliodora* or *Zenophile* whose charms he delights to celebrate.

To the paper on Roland we turned with some expectation of being enlightened on the historical credibility of the Carolingian epic cycle; and the quotation of the solitary sentence in which Eginhard speaks of Roland's death, at the beginning of the article, seemed to promise well for that which was to follow. But having told us that the few lines from Eginhard contain all that we know of an historical Roland, M. de Saint-Victor contents himself with giving a summary of the myth as it appears in its oldest form in the poem of *Therold*. Here, although we move in the midst of marvels—although Roland, like Achilles and Arthur, wields a sword forged by no mortal hand, and the shout of his voice carries terror over many a league—we have none of the violent transformations of history which mark the legend in its later shapes. Roland is thus far not a Crusader—"he does not take Constantinople before Baldwin, or Jerusalem before Godfrey." The myth in its general features has some correspondence with the character of an age which is well known to us historically.

The remarks on *Don Quixote*, although not marked by any great originality, exhibit much sound sense. The book, M. de Saint-Victor urges, is manifestly thrown away on those who read it merely as a piece of ludicrous fiction, and who suppose that the whole purpose of Cervantes was to present his hero only in a ridiculous light. Such may in part have been his purpose at first. That the idea was conceived with a burst of laughter, we may with some reason infer from the gross adventures which befel the knight in his first journeys; but "the artist, as he went on, purified his work and perfected it in every way. The further *Don Quixote* advances in his romantic campaign, the greater becomes his honour, his magnanimity, and his justice"; until at last "we may fancy that we see Alfonso the Wise going through Castile, reforming laws and administering judgment." But M. de Saint-Victor must be speaking of himself, of his countrymen, and of Englishmen, rather than of Spaniards, when he describes the ideal *Don Quixote* as taking possession of the country which gave him birth, and becoming the genius of the place. How many Spaniards think of his grim visage and gaunt figure as they roam along the plains of Castile and La Mancha; or recall the Maritornes of the old romance as they look on the slipshod serving-girl in a posada? How many are able, further, to do justice to the real greatness of character in a man who, born a few centuries earlier, would have been a Tancréd or a Bayard?

Amongst the most interesting chapters is the short paper on Helen; but here too the gratification arising from the graceful expression of thought is mingled with some misgivings about the author's theories. If we are clearly to understand and unravel the legend of Helen, or any other, we must compare it in all the forms which it has assumed—we must, in short, bring together all the mythical facts related of the person in question. In the instance of Helen, M. de Saint-Victor has done well to note that after the death of Paris she becomes the wife of Deiphobus, and that although after the sack of Ilium she returns to Sparta with Menelaus, and there lives pardoned and glorified, yet Achilles, who had once obtained possession of her, and then handed her over to Patroclus, returns from Hades to visit her in her sleep, and becomes the father of Euphron. Helen is thus the prey of all who are strong enough or fortunate enough to lay hands upon her; but in spite of all defiling touches she remains as beautiful as ever, and in a certain sense as pure. To the coarse love of Paris she never yields a real assent of the will, and sensuous amorousness has for her no charm. What then is Helen? M. de Saint-Victor sees in her an embodiment of "passive beauty, incapable of receiving mischief from the havoc which she brings on others, and the miseries which are the result of her involuntary or unconscious conquests." She is, in short, a living image of that "ideal Beauty whose mortal form men may sully, while they cannot touch its undying type." According to Mr. Gladstone, the Homeric Helen is "a woman not cast in the mould of martyrs, nor elevated in moral ideas to a capacity of comprehension and of endurance above her age, but yet endowed with much tenderness of feeling, with the highest grace and refinement,

and with a deep and peculiar sense of shame for having done wrong." The two theories obviously exclude each other. Impassive beauty, which no defiling touch can soil, cannot have any conscience, because for it there can be no guilt; but it is not less clear that the Helen of Mr. Gladstone is the Homeric Helen only, even if his picture be true of the Iliad and the Odyssey. She is not the Helen who has been many times seized, and in whom we see no signs of repentance; and for M. de Saint-Victor's Helen we can but ask, whence arose in that early age so singularly abstract an idea? According to this theory, the notion of Helen from the very first was that of a woman who becomes the prey or victim of many lovers in succession, and thus symbolizes that ethereal beauty which clouds may hide for a time, but which, as soon as they are removed, shines in all its ancient splendour. But so long as this beauty retains a moral aspect, all that we know of the workings of the human mind in its earliest stages seems to show that such an idea could not then have entered it. In the Persian theology, Ormuzd and Ahriman are rival gods contending for a moral dominion over human souls as over all created things; in the ancient mythology of India this spiritual conflict resolves itself into a struggle between the opposing powers of physical light and darkness—between the dark being who steals away the cows of India and the Sun god who by smiting him recovers the lost cattle, and brings down rain on the parched earth. The further therefore that we go, the more physical a myth becomes. According to M. de Saint-Victor, that of Helen is from the first intensely spiritual. The difficulty is serious, and it ought assuredly to be taken into account; and indeed, until it is explained, M. de Saint-Victor's pleasant talk falls on the ear like the sounds of the charmer on the adders. Even if he hesitates to hazard an explanation himself, he has but to examine the conclusions of comparative mythologists, and to satisfy himself whether they do not explain the whole problem. It is not for us to say here that Helen is or is not the dawn light; but if for a moment we allow that Helen is the same as the Vedic Sarama, and that Sarama is the morning light creeping along the sky, charming all who gaze upon her, sometimes veiled by dark shadows which seem to dim her beauty, but which can never really do so, we then at once have, with M. de Saint-Victor, an ideal of impassive beauty which can suffer no defilement. But it is no moral beauty, nor even a beauty which is human. It belongs to the region of the upper air, where Varuna or Ouranos spreads his veil over the earth, his bride, which lies in slumber beneath. That the physical beauty should afterwards assume a human form, is precisely what we should be led to expect from the modifications which the myth of Indra and Vistra undergoes on Iranian soil.

In the paper on Ceres and Proserpine there is some unnecessary mystification about the Eleusinian mysteries. Without saying, as Mr. Grote says, that they taught nothing because they had nothing to teach, we know too much of the forms of thought which produced esoteric systems elsewhere to leave much uncertainty as to their general character. That their general influence was for good rather than for evil we may readily believe; that this influence sprang from a teaching which regarded the present life as part only of a lengthened existence under other conditions is only what we might look for. But M. de Saint-Victor somewhat strains a point when of Ceres and Proserpine, "the Madonnas of Polytheism," he asserts exclusively that "their religious character remains intact in the midst of the travesties by which mythological caprice disfigured the other deities." The character of Demeter is no more intact than that of Athene. If the latter dallies with Prometheus, the former is the lover of Jason. The truth is that these four gods, together with Phœbus, are pretty much on a par in respect of purity, and for exactly the same reasons; and from their religious character we can infer but little either way.

The chapter on Mummies and mummy-making exhibits M. de Saint-Victor's sentiment in its highest flight. The thought of a country more populous under ground than it is on its surface is not a pleasant one, and there is doubtless truth in his assertion that "this humble parody of life is not only revolting to our sense, but that, by bestowing a factitious perpetuity on the body, it seems to deny the immortality of the soul." But unable to restrain himself, he rhapsodizes, "I fancy that I see the wings of the soul petrified in this glue of spices; I seem to see it shut up beneath the seals of these bandages. How could a thing so light leave behind it so heavy a slough? Better a thousand times the seeming annihilation of the human form than a preservation so artificial and so unsightly." It is scarcely enough for him to say that it is the lowest in the scale of all sepulchral rites, as the burning practised by Greeks and Hindus is the highest. He looks with some envy on the Parsee fashion which leaves the dead on a high rock to be the prey of huge raptorial birds:—

These aerial obsequies have [he says] their grandeur and their poetry. Who would not prefer the devouring bite of vultures to the slow picking of sepulchral worms? Apart from flame which dissolves and transfigures, what transformation of life can be more rapid? The body, scattered abroad, takes the wings of high soaring birds; it rises with them to the mountain tops, it plunges into ether, it shares in the life of sublime regions.

Unfortunately there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and M. de Saint-Victor has here taken it. It is but just to add, that it is perhaps the only bit of extravagance to be found in his pleasant pages.

## POMPEII.\*

DR. DYER, whose admirable work on the topography of Rome we noticed a year and a half ago, deserves the thanks of the public for the talent and industry he has brought to bear upon a subject only second in importance to the Imperial City itself—the history and antiquities of Pompeii. The book in its present form is based on one originally written for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge between thirty and forty years ago. But so great has been the progress effected since in the excavation of Pompeii that the present compilation may be regarded as almost a new and independent work. Besides consulting carefully the best and most recent authorities, the author made frequent visits to Pompeii during a residence at Naples in the winter of 1865-6, and was thus enabled to correct his previous compilations by the aid of impressions gained while the process of exhumation was still fresh, or in progress before his eyes. The result is naturally to throw into the description an air of freshness and reality which was hardly possible in the case of sites or edifices so well worn as those of Rome.

To those who have not access to the large and costly illustrations of the Niccolini, or to the careful plans and monographs of the Commendatore Fiorelli, the present able and indefatigable director of the excavations, the little volume before us will present in a moderate compass, and in a very readable shape, the leading points of recent discovery, together with the conclusions of the best and latest archaeologists upon the questions of art or history thence arising. A summary of the literature connected with Pompeii enables the reader to follow the track of discovery from the outset a century ago, and to pursue his studies by the light of the most approved authorities at every point. While serving as a succinct history of the progress of excavation, the book is so arranged as to form a complete and handy guide for the use of visitors on the spot. The process of excavation carried on by fits and starts for more than a century, until pursued with some system and energy by the present administration, has resulted in laying open to view, up to the present time, a third part or so of the presumed area of the city, which originally comprised about one hundred and sixty acres. Its circuit was about two miles in extent, of an oval shape, the apex lying in the direction of the amphitheatre, or towards the south-east. The excavated part lying towards the western side seems to have been that which contained the principal public buildings—the forum, the basilica, the theatres, the public baths, and the most conspicuous temples. It is scarcely to be hoped, in consequence, that the labours of future generations of excavators will be rewarded by any sensation equal to that produced in the years 1824 and 1858 by the discovery of the spacious and elegant *therme*. Still there may remain work for our great-grandsons, with any amount of recompense in treasures of art, or possibly of literature. Considering, too, that the most spacious and costly of private dwellings, the house of Diomedes, lies beyond the walls, there is scarcely a limit to the area within which patient research may look for its harvest, particularly since the new and energetic directorate does so much to guide the steps of the excavator, and to preserve the products of his toil. As it is, we are often left to sigh over the loss or waste of objects which the amount of intelligence and skill now at hand would most assuredly have spared to us.

The style of the earliest remains found in Pompeii does much to bear out the legendary or half-mythical notices which assign to this town, as well as to its neighbour and fellow-victim, Herculaneum, a Greek origin. To what date we are to attribute the Oscan occupation spoken of by Strabo, and whether we are to follow him in identifying that people with the Tyrrhenians or Pelasgians, may be open to doubt. At an early, though uncertain, period Cumæ was certainly founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Eubœa; and Parthenope, afterwards Neapolis, now Naples, was an offshoot from thence. The name of Pompeii may be held decisive of its Greek origin, though we need not commit ourselves to the etymology of Solinus in tracing it to *πομπή*, in allusion to the expedition of Hercules. The masonry of the city is in parts identical with that in use in early Greek fortifications, and characters have been met with upon some of the stones which are described by Mazois as either Oscan or early forms of the Greek alphabet. The lower portions of the wall are of the rough and irregular kind called by the ancients *opus incertum*, while the upper and most modern portions are composed of the *isodorum*, or more regular courses of Greek work. Like the most ancient fortresses of Greece, those of Tiryns and Mycenæ, they were without towers, which seem to have been inserted at regular intervals during the Roman period. The gates—of which seven are traceable, besides what is called the *Porta della marina*, on the western side, now the principal entrance—are of Roman construction. In the area of the *forum triangulare*, on the west side of the larger theatre, are the remains of a temple much dilapidated, of unquestionably Greek character. The capitals of the columns are of Greek Doric, of which order is also the small monopteral building close at hand, covering a *puteal*, from whence the water required in the temple was drawn. This temple, which from its situation, size, arrangement, and style of art, is one of the most important buildings in Pompeii, is dated by the Count de Clarac as early as the eighth century B.C. It must in that case be regarded as one of the most ancient specimens of Greek art extant, and must have been erected by the Greek colonists

long before the subjugation of the city by the Romans. It is supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules. It is thought that the basement of the temples both of Jupiter and Venus may be likewise of Greek construction. The greater number of the public buildings, however, are of Roman date, or at all events have been modified or rebuilt by Romans, as the inscriptions in many cases testify. The theatres and amphitheatre, the baths, and triumphal arches are entirely of this more recent order. The forum, with its splendid colonnades, has been carried down by Overbeck as possibly later even than the earthquake of 63 A.D. These buildings will be found minutely described in Dr. Dyer's pages, with the aid of admirable woodcuts of their present state and occasional restorations of much skill and taste.

The second part of the volume treats of the domestic architecture of Pompeii as illustrated by its private houses, shops, and the works of art and utility found in them. The reader is thus enabled to realize with extreme vividness the ordinary daily life of a Roman city. Among other objects of new and curious interest we may mention the characteristic signs which mark out the various shops, taverns, and places of business. These are in some cases figured in baked clay and coloured, in others painted on the walls. Over a wine-shop two men carry an amphora slung on a pole. Over another a goat is supposed to indicate the trade of a milkman. Here a large statue of Priapus points out the shop of an amulet-maker. A rude painting of two men fighting, while the master stands by holding a laurel crown, marks a fencing establishment, or school of gladiators. A painting of one boy horsed on another's back and undergoing flagellation is an ominous indication that the school-master was there at home. An inn in the newly-discovered *Via del Lupanare* bore the sign of an elephant enveloped by a large serpent and tended by a pigny. This no longer exists. On the door-posts of another tavern were painted some chequers. Into the edifice of ill repute which gave its name to that street the writer, for obvious reasons, forbears to conduct his readers. That a similar degree of caution was not unknown at the time when the golden youth of Pompeii might plead the authority of Cato for venturing within those dangerous precincts, we have a highly curious proof. On the walls of a villa hard by the *forum Boarium*, or cattle-market, was found an inscription, by way of advertisement, to the effect that "on the estate of Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, are to let a bath, a venereum, nine hundred shops, with booths and garrets, for a term of five continuous years from the first to the sixth of the ides of August." The notice concludes with the formula S. Q. D. L. E. N. C., which is taken by Romanelli to stand for *si quis domi lenocinium exerceat ne conducito*—"let no one apply who keeps a brothel." We get many a curious insight into the common or lower life of Pompeians from the numerous *graffiti*, or rude scratchings and scribbles in chalk or paint, with which the walls abound. Many a party cry or political dislike, or even the rough Fescennine chaff of the streets, has here come down to us in expressive, though often very dubious, Latinity, or is embodied in outlines of rude but often highly grotesque art. A more than common refinement of taste is met with when, in the back-room of a thermopolium, is scrawled the first line of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, of all the relics of eighteen centuries here laid bare, what most touches the feelings is the reproduction in plaster of the group of bodies found in the year 1863. By the skill of Signor Fiorelli in filling up the cavity left in the soft *lapilli* by the decay of these human forms, the figures are moulded in all the ghastly reality of the death struggle. In the pair engraved by Dr. Dyer, which is probably familiar to many of our readers as a stereoscopic group, the profile of the young girl is plainly to be traced. Her little hands clench her veil round her head in the last struggle to keep the mouth free, while her feet are drawn up in agony. The smooth young skin looks in the plaster like polished marble. The woman, probably the mother, who lies feet to feet with her, lies quietly on her side. Her arm hangs loosely down. Her finger still bears her coarse iron ring. Besides this group, Niccolini gives the figure of a man of the lower classes, perhaps a soldier, of colossal size, who had laid himself down calmly on his back to await death. "His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin, and tight-fitting breeches of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked, the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster." We are sorry to find the affecting story of the sentry found erect in his box, still grasping his lance, dismissed as a fable. Much doubt has been attached to the recent report of an amphora of stone having been met with, closely sealed, half full of water. It may be remarked, however, that the bronze cock of a water-pipe was found at Capri in which the metal joints had been hermetically closed by rust for seventeen or eighteen centuries, yet which, on being shaken, gives audible proof of the water being still unabsorbed within. It may be added that the numerous metal-pipes met with in Pompeii, together with the general arrangements of the fountains, place beyond doubt the fact, which has so frequently been questioned, that the property of water to find its level was well known at that epoch.

It has naturally been throughout a question of the liveliest interest whether Pompeii might be found to yield any trace of the new religion pushing its way among the inmates of the classical Pantheon. On this important point the ruins have hitherto been silent. The only indication of Christianity which has even been held plausible depends upon an unsatisfactory story told by

\* *Pompeii; its History, Buildings and Antiquities, &c.* Edited by Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.



Mazois. In one of the row of small shops extending along one side of the so-called house of Pansa, when newly-discovered, there was found on the wall of the passage leading to the *posticum* a Latin cross marked in bas-relief upon a panel of white stucco. This wall, being at the end of the passage and directly facing the street, was in full view of the passers-by. On this symbol Mazois founded the conjecture that the owner of the shop was a Christian. No vestige of the cross now remains, and we find it difficult, with Dr. Dyer, to conceive, even were the cross in use at that time among Christians, that any one should have ventured to exhibit that sign of the religion so publicly as this. Mazois himself, too, was puzzled to account for the juxtaposition of this symbol with the ordinary Pagan emblems. Could the same man at once bow before the cross of Christ, and pay homage to Janus, Ferulus, Limentinus, Cardia, the deities of the thresholds and the hinges of doors? Still more, could he adore it in combination with the guardian serpents of Esculapius, or with the obscene emblem of an incomprehensible worship, possibly Orphic or Mithraic, which is over the hearth. The Commandatore Fiorelli explicitly denies that any Christian symbols have been discovered at Pompeii. "It is said, indeed," writes Dr. Dyer, "that in a house in this *Via del Lupanare* may be traced written in charcoal a *graffito* with the letters, . . . NI GAUDII . . . CHRISTIANI; which have with so slight probability been supplemented *igni gaude, Christiane* ('rejoice in the fire, Christian.')" Dr. Dyer has clearly not seen this inscription himself, and neither the reading itself nor the interpretation seems to us at all satisfactory. If rightly read, the words proceeded at all events from a Pagan, and they may have reference, Dr. Dyer suggests, to the burning of Christians at Rome in the time of Nero. They are as likely to refer to the charge of setting Rome on fire brought against the Christians. We should like more direct evidence of the basis of the whole story. Evidences of Egyptian worship are not unfrequent. An elegant temple disinterred next to that of Esculapius is shown by an inscription over the entrance to have been dedicated to Isis, to have been overthrown by an earthquake, and to have been restored by Numerius (or Nonnius) Popidius Celsinus, at his own expense. This earthquake was probably that of the year 63 A.D., sixteen years before the destruction of the city. From this temple were taken the famous Isiac table of basalt now in the Museum at Naples. This fine relief contains fourteen figures, thirteen of which are turned towards the first, which is supposed to represent Osiris. Beneath are twenty-five lines of hieroglyphics, which have been interpreted by M. Champollion *filis* to be an invocation of Osiris or Isis. It is, however, denounced by Overbeck as a sham. In a niche on the court wall fronting the temple stood a painted figure of Sigaleon or Harpocrates, otherwise called Orus, the son of Osiris. Beneath this was a shelf, intended perhaps to receive offerings, and under it a board supposed to be for the knees of the worshippers. In another part of the court was found a beautiful statue of Isis, with the *sistrum* and the key of the Nile sluices, her drapery painted purple, and in part gilt. From several of the pictures and bas-reliefs we obtain interesting evidence of the influence exercised by classic symbolism upon Christian art. An instance of this occurs in the ugly conventional glory with which the heads of sacred personages are commonly encircled. This usage was borrowed by the Italian painters from the Greek artists of the lower Empire, in whose paintings it generally assumes the appearance of a solid plate of gold. In a small house at Pompeii, decorated with subjects from the Odyssey, a painting of Ulysses and Circe was copied by Mazois in 1812, which is remarkable as exhibiting the head of Circe crowned with a halo or aureole of this precise kind. The outer limb or circumference is solidly and sharply defined, not shaded off and divided into rays, as we usually see it in works of the Italian school. This painting has since perished. A similar aureole surrounds the grand figure of Jupiter in the house of Zephyrus and Flora. The god is here sitting in a contemplative attitude, the eagle at his feet, and his golden sceptre in his hand. His mantle is of violet colour, and lined with azure, the throne and footstool are golden, ornamented with precious stones, a green drapery covering the back of the throne. These pictures, like most of those discovered at Pompeii, were executed on the plaster of the wall. It appears, however, that moveable pictures were not unknown. In the handsome house in the street of Stabiae, excavated in 1847, and assigned on the evidence of an inscription to M. Lucretius, a Flamen of Mars and Decurio of Pompeii, the walls of the *tablinum* are painted with architectural subjects. Among these are spaces for two large paintings, which have either been carried away, or had not yet been fixed in their places when Pompeii was overwhelmed. A full account of the principal paintings and sculptures, together with a critical discussion of the methods and materials in use among the artists of the age, is given by Dr. Dyer. Of these, the noblest mosaic is beyond comparison that discovered in the house of the Faun, not less than 18 feet long by 9 broad, supposed to represent one of the battles of Alexander and Darius, probably that at the Issus. Few paintings of any age can excel in fire and animation the celebrated head of Achilles giving up Briseis, in the house of the tragic poet. And statuettes like those of the dancing Faun, the Silenus, and those of sundry animal figures, are not surpassed by the finest remains of classic art. We lay down Dr. Dyer's work with regret at not being able to afford space for a more complete epitome of its multifarious points of interest.

## NO MAN'S FRIEND.\*

THE man with a saturnine manner and a benevolent heart, who affects to be a cross between a cynic and a stoic, when he is in fact half man and half angel, is a subject which novelists have rather overdone. And it is not hard to see why he has been so popular among them. A novelist without sufficient original power to treat or to imagine a complex character, whether ordinary or extraordinary, with all its traits shading delicately and subtly into one another, naturally resorts to a kind of character where violent contrasts, easily produced and easily handled, save him all trouble in seeking for effective and impressive strokes. You clap a grim mask on to your hero, and when you want to be effective you make him suddenly take it off for ten seconds and reveal quite another manner of man. This is clearly of the nature of a trick, and, like other tricks, when a writer has once caught the secret of it he can scarcely fail to be decently successful in its execution. It is a trick which many readers are infinitely fond of, people who are readily contented with such little simple irony as the trick suggests, and whose amiability is charmed by the thought of the hero's benevolence lying all the time under his misanthropic exterior. Ladies especially seem to like the kind-hearted misanthrope of modern fiction. The irony of the hero who, while he professes ardently and bitterly that he is "no man's friend," is in the continual habit of doing all sorts of friendly things, is precisely of that mild kind which pleases them. They like a man to be pleasantly grim in manner, and at the same time to be gentle and tender in his heart. In real life they love to be taken down to dinner by a drily cynical partner, and the cup of their admiration would be full if they could be quite sure that the dry cynic was in truth quite ready to fall in love with the first beautiful woman who should give him the chance. For our own part, we are wearied to death of the hero who, declaring that men and women are objects of indifference to him, is for ever doing good to all the men and women who come in his way. He is, on the whole, an affected impostor, with a mannerism that is as nearly insufferable as any mannerism can be.

The "no man's friend" of the story before us is perhaps a shade less unendurable than most of his class. He only vows that he is resolute against friendship when he is actually provoked to such a protestation. This is better than the men who go about mouthing misanthropy in season and out of season. It is not until somebody on whom he has conferred an obligation begins to pour out thanks that Mr. Robinson's hero declines to admit that he has the ordinary human sympathies. Even then he only propounds his doctrine of indifference to mankind in a brief and decisive manner, without the airs and assumptions which the conventional misanthrope, like lunatics of a certain stamp, is accustomed to exhibit. A simple and vehement disclaimer he generally finds enough to vindicate his independence of all desire to befriend anybody. We may say, therefore, that he might have been much more disagreeable, and much more of a coxcomb after his own fashion, than he actually happens to be; and this is clearly something for which the judicious reader ought to be thankful. If one must have a hero of this sort, at all events the less parade he makes of his moral coxcomby the better we ought to be pleased. It is true that Lewis Searle, the friend of no man, does not lack the rudeness which is essential to the usual conception of such a character. "How shall I ever prove my gratitude to you?" asks a man whom he has helped with a loan of a thousand pounds. "By keeping your distance," our polished hero rejoins; "for to tell you the truth, although I admired certain traits in your character, Mr. Ranwick, there were other traits that disgusted me, and they are again predominant to-night." The language which he uses to his patron is as courteous as that to people whom he patronizes. The patron begs him to stay with him a little time. "No," says Mr. Searle, "I think possibly that we esteem each other the more the less we are thrown together. Good morning." This kind of thing is designed, we fancy, to give the impression of a certain crispness of character which one ought to find very charming indeed, only one does not. Still, apart from the idea on which the man's nature is supposed to have shaped itself, and which we take to be affected and tricky and conventional, the hero is well drawn. There is no excess about the picture, only a little rudeness and a little coxcomby, and a little misanthropy. Even his passion for the lovely heroine is nothing outrageously stagey and melodramatic, as the passion of the conventional cynic usually is. The result of this moderation of colouring is that, though we are not at all inspired with enthusiasm for the hero, we do not absolutely detest him. This may not be very much to say, but the habitual reader of second-rate novels knows that things might have been a great deal worse.

Beside the freedom from excess, another reason for clinging to our "no man's friend" is that he is very nearly the only person in the book for whom anybody of sense could feel any sort of liking. Among the blind the one-eyed is king, and in a book full of cross-grained, queer, ill-conditioned folk, a man whose worse fault is that he assumes airs of sham misanthropy inevitably charms us. The father of the heroine is a stupid and incorrigible sot; her mother a peevish, gloomy, arrogant woman, who also drinks, but with privacy and discretion. Her uncle is selfish and saturnine and half-mad. Eccentricity runs in the blood, for the heroine's sister too, when

\* *No Man's Friend*. By Frederick William Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

her family come into a big fortune, and live in high style in Eaton Square, insists on keeping a little school in the country. The heroine herself is one of the most morally disjointed persons we ever remember to have come across. She skips about the book in the lightest manner imaginable, full of what to an impartial reader looks a downright unaccountable suspicion, and anger and general enmity to everybody by whom she is surrounded. For example, she refuses no less than three lovers, and one of them twice over, in an amazingly flighty and irritable fashion, and is altogether one of the worst-tempered young women that ever got three men to propose marriage to her. A peevish mother and a drunken father and a half-mad uncle are enough to turn any heroine in the world into a vixen, we admit, only the book would have been much pleasanter reading if the conditions had been so modified as to leave room for a little more sunshine and good-humour. It is all very well to trace out your characters distinctly and consistently, but why select a heroine at all out of a half-crazy family, and then take care to throw her and the reader as much as possible among her relations? With the whole world of human nature open to him, why should a novelist go among a parcel of perverse men and women, all thwarting and vexing one another from the first chapter to the last? Among other disadvantages which arise from selecting perverse people, is the impenetrability of their motives and conduct. Of course the reader would not know that they were meant to be perverse and cross-grained unless they acted on quite inscrutable principles. Mr. Robinson's heroine confesses herself "a proud and vindictive woman," and she does her best in the story to justify her own description. But we keep asking all the way through what on earth has happened to make her so vindictive. A promiscuous and unprovoked vindictiveness is so uncommon in life, and we may add so extremely unpleasant in a book, that we do not take kindly to it. The heroine in *No Man's Friend* is a Sphinx, of fashionable aspirations, propounding riddles daily to everybody about her, by her fretful, flighty ways. Nobody can make her out—the reader least of all, who is not stimulated by actual sight of her beauty to labour too hard to play Oedipus to her Sphinx. The lady's own mother in an excited moment addresses her in heated but not untrue words:—"You fool, who have been always wrong through life, and acted for the worst! who have been ever dissatisfied and fretful, rebelling against your position, and striving for a new one! Don't give me this sickly sentiment in exchange for the ruin that you bring me." And to this the daughter replies in a way that, considering the things we have suffered from her ill-temper through two volumes and three-quarters, is rather offensive than otherwise:—"I will bring you peace of mind, which is akin to the peace of God, that passeth all understanding." We should scarcely suppose that vindictive people are much in the habit of taking this view of things. The mother may be held partially justifiable in describing it, under the circumstances, as "sickly sentiment," though in the matter between them, which concerned the propriety of burning another person's will, the daughter was no doubt right. It is clearly not a good thing to burn anybody's will but your own, so that for once the heroine commands our entire sympathy. We may forgive a good deal of snappishness, and a little bit of sickly sentiment along with it, if they are exhibited on behalf of such a plain piece of honesty as this.

Just as the hero is a cynic, and the heroine vindictive and suspicious, on the same principle the action of the book turns upon all that is base and ugly. The heroine's uncle is a rich man, and most of the people in the novel want to secure his money for themselves. First, there are his sister and her husband; secondly, his sister-in-law and his nephew; thirdly, his niece; fourthly, a stranger to whom he had taken a fancy, and the grandfather of the stranger—in all seven souls, each eager for his fortune. Each pair hates and intrigues against the other pair, and the most eager of them all is the unaccountable heroine. The reader may imagine the kind of plot which makes up the book. Scarcely any subject could be less pleasing than a dyspeptic, selfish, rich person, and a parcel of selfish poor persons fighting a battle royal through three volumes. The grandfather of the young stranger finds that the niece visits her parents in spite of her uncle's prohibition, and straightway takes care, by means of an anonymous letter, that her uncle shall know it. Then, again, the young stranger, and the nephew, and the nephew's mother play tricks among one another of a shabby and spiteful kind. And the worst of it is that none of them enjoy their scheming, or see any joke in it. They are not intriguers with a sense of humour, but intriguers of the angry, irritable stamp. An intriguer who is fractions and ever serious is always a bore. Luckily, the author writes with vivacity; he does not dwell needlessly and disproportionately upon details; his dialogue is generally brisk, and he possesses the knack of making his plot move. But the cynical affectation of the high-minded man, and the unaffected cynicism of the shabby men and women, make up a mean subject, which has not allowed him to do himself full justice.

#### HALLECK'S TRANSLATION OF JOMINI'S NAPOLEON.\*

THE name of General Halleck is well known to us in connexion with the American civil war, but this officer's

\* *Life of Napoleon*. By Baron Jomini, General-in-Chief and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia. Translated from the French, with Notes, by H. W. Halleck, LL.D., Major-General United States Army; Author of "Elements of Military Art and Science," "International Law and the Laws of War," &c. &c. 4 vols. With an Atlas. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

literary performances are probably less appreciated in England than they deserve to be. If the industry of General Halleck in a military office was as great as that which he has displayed as a translator and compiler, he may be supposed to have largely contributed to the organization of those mighty Northern armaments by which the resistance of the South was finally overcome. It is true that he shows much more of diligent study than of genius, and it is possible that, as a general, he might, after all his reading and reflection, have compared disadvantageously with other generals who had read very few books and had never written one. But if there was any value in Sir Charles Napier's advice to a young officer, that "by reading he would be distinguished," it must be allowed that Mr. Halleck followed diligently the road towards distinction. We have before us at this moment a translation of *International Law* by H. W. Halleck, A.M., dated San Francisco, 1861. The preface states that during the war between the United States and Mexico, the author, who was a staff-officer, was often required to give opinions on questions of international law growing out of the operations of the war. As books of reference were not always accessible he commenced a series of notes and extracts, which ultimately grew into the work which he published in the hope that "it might be found useful to officers of the army and navy, and possibly also to the professional lawyer." This hope has, we think, been realized; for, upon all legal questions which military and naval commanders are likely to be called upon to consider, the book contains a full collection of authorities selected and arranged with a skill which proves that Mr. Halleck would have made his fortune as a lawyer if he had not preferred the army. It is remarkable how many distinguished American soldiers have belonged to the legal profession, either before or after their military services. If they have placed before themselves Cicero as their model, they may rest assured that they have surpassed him as soldiers, and perhaps equalled him as lawyers; while, as regards oratory, it may be enough to say that Cicero was never called upon to "stump" a district. It must not be supposed, however, that all American officers are industrious. There was, for example, "fighting Joe Hooker," who was as well known in San Francisco as Mr. Halleck. He spent a good deal of time in that city, waiting until fortune should supply him with the means of travelling to Washington to offer his services as Commander-in-chief of the United States army. It is unnecessary to inquire what Mr. Hooker did during this period, but it will be easily believed that he did not employ his leisure in perusing treatises on international law, or in studying Napoleon's campaigns. But the indefatigable Mr. Halleck, having published a legal work in 1861, was ready with a translation of Jomini's *Life of Napoleon*, in four large volumes, with notes and atlas, in 1864. The principal part of the work, however, was executed as long ago as 1846, during a seven months' voyage round Cape Horn to California. It appears from the title-page that the author had advanced from the degree of A.M. to that of LL.D., which he certainly had earned; and while claiming to have produced several works besides that which we have mentioned, he also assumes the title, by which he is best known to English readers, of a major-general in the United States army.

Among many persons who have become acquainted at second-hand with Jomini's famous work, there are probably very few who know that it is a narrative of Napoleon's exploits delivered by Napoleon's shade in the Elysian fields, for the information of the shades of Alexander, Caesar, Frederick, and other great commanders, to whom some rumour of those exploits had come, and who awaited eagerly his arrival to explain the causes of his wonderful victories and no less wonderful defeats and downfall. The plan which it has pleased the accomplished military historian to adopt for his work is slightly ludicrous, but there is nothing throughout the greater part of the work, except the use of the pronoun "I," to remind us that Napoleon is speaking to the shades of departed heroes in the Elysian fields. It is possible, indeed, that that which appears to us ludicrous may be thought by Frenchmen sublime; and we are by no means sure that a military history of France since 1821, in the form of a narrative addressed by the shade of a French officer killed in the Italian war to the shade of Napoleon in the Elysian fields, would not be highly popular in France, although objectionable in the view of orthodox Catholicism. The narrative would, of course, recount the removal of Napoleon's remains from exile in St. Helena to rest in the bosom of the country which he loved, and it would tell how, in the Crimea and on the plains of Italy, the military glories of France had been revived by the heir of Napoleon's name. Perhaps, too, it might hint at some further revival of those glories as waiting to be accomplished by breech-loaders upon the familiar battle-grounds of the Rhine and Danube.

But to return from the Elysian fields to General Halleck's translation of Jomini's history, it is to be remarked that the great value of that history lies in this—that it may be considered as the work of a Frenchman who had divested himself of a Frenchman's prejudices. Jomini was by birth a Swiss. He served with great distinction in the French army, and became chief of the staff to Marshal Ney. The jealousy of Berthier is stated to have been the cause of his quitting the service of France, in 1813, for that of Russia. He received from the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas important employments and high honours. Of his three daughters, one is married in Russia and two in France; and, being thus equally connected with two great rivals in European war, he is likely to do justice to the exploits of both. He had seen as much



most men of his time of battles; he had few equals in strategy; as a reader and writer he was indefatigable; he had access to the best sources of information, and he occupied a position of impartiality. With these advantages Jomini was able to produce a work which deserved to occupy the leisure of his industrious American translator. It derives perhaps some additional interest from its form. When we come to such an act as the slaughter of Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, our curiosity is awakened to hear how Napoleon, speaking to his audience in the Elysian fields, will justify it. The late Sir Archibald Alison, who applied some of his strongest language to this act, would perhaps have considered that, it was assuming the very point in dispute to suppose that Napoleon had entered the Elysian fields. The campaign in Egypt and Syria is introduced by an explanation of the reasons for Napoleon's expedition to those countries. "I was obliged," says Jomini, speaking in his name, "to make common cause with the Directory, or to join in the conspiracy against it. I was unwilling to do either. The only reasonable course for me to pursue was to absent myself, and to do so with *éclat*." During the troubles of the Revolution the French interests in India had been neglected, and it was proposed to revive them by an expedition of which Egypt would be the base. "I was convinced that this was the shortest way to reach the heart of England." The expedition to Egypt had three objects—to establish on the Nile a French colony; to open new outlets to French manufactures; and to furnish a base of operations for moving an army across Syria and Persia to the Indus. An army of 50,000 men, supplied with camels and dromedaries, would reach its destination in four months. The Directory, delighted at the prospect of getting rid of Napoleon, favoured his bold scheme, and granted all his requests.

By singular good fortune Napoleon, with his fleet and army, evaded Nelson, and landed at Alexandria. He advanced to Cairo, defeated the Mamelukes, and in a month had conquered Lower Egypt. But his fleet was destroyed by Nelson in Aboukir Bay. This catastrophe, however, did not extinguish all hopes of success. The French might maintain themselves in the country if they could attach the inhabitants to their cause. Napoleon did not despair of conciliating the ministers of religion. "The French army, since the Revolution, was indifferent to all forms of worship. Even in Italy they never went to church. I took advantage of this circumstance to persuade the Mussulmans that my soldiers were disposed to embrace Mohammedanism." But when the Porte was encouraged by Nelson's victory to declare war, Napoleon's conversations on the Koran and attendance in mosques availed little to mitigate the aroused fanaticism of the people. The Turks were assembling an army with which they proposed to march along the coast of Syria into Egypt. Napoleon determined to anticipate them by capturing the fortresses on their road. El-Arish capitulated. Jaffa was taken by assault:—

We captured on this occasion two thousand prisoners, who very much embarrassed us. The weakness of my army did not allow me to detach an escort to guard them. On the other hand, they could not be released on parole, for they did not consider it binding. Moreover a part of them had already been discharged at El-Arish, on their promise not again to serve against us, and were now taken in arms. Knowing of no other course to pursue, I caused them to be shot.

We may remark, in proof of General Halleck's industry, that he appears to have read Sir Archibald Alison's history of the events described by Jomini; and, more than that, he enters into controversy with the laborious champion of Toryism in notes which require for their perusal something like his own devotion to hard work. The question which he here debates with Alison is necessarily touched upon in that part of his work on *International Law* which treats of what may be done to enemies in war. It is little to the purpose to compare certain acts of Warren Hastings with this of Napoleon at Jaffa; but it might have been urged with some effect that the Turks carried on war as savages, and that if war with savages is conducted on humane and Christian principles it will be interminable. We sometimes hear "a vigorous policy" recommended in conflicts between settlers and native races; and if this expression means, as it probably does, that the settlers should shoot the natives whenever they get a chance, it is evident that those who use it should be moderate in their condemnation of Napoleon's slaughter of prisoners at Jaffa. It may, however, be observed that, if he had dismissed those whom he could neither feed nor guard, the prospects of his campaign would not have been greatly affected by his clemency. The fortress of St. Jean d'Acre, assisted in its defence by an English squadron under Sir Sidney Smith, resisted all his efforts, and he was obliged to raise the siege and return to Egypt. The failure of this expedition made it more than ever necessary to influence the people through the ministers of religion. But they responded by inviting Napoleon to turn Mussulman with his whole army:—

I opposed to this the necessity of circumcision and abstinence from wine. But they said that an accommodation could be made with Heaven; that a man might drink wine and still be a good Mussulman, provided that he doubted his good works.

But news reached Napoleon of reverses of the armies of Italy and the Rhine, and of disorganization of the Government at home. "Everything now proved that the French were tired of the Revolution, and that it was time to bring it to a close." The victory of Aboukir over the Turks had restored whatever Napoleon's military character had lost by the repulse at Acre. He had now no motive for prolonging his stay in Egypt, and accordingly he set sail for France, having been absent about fifteen months. He was as lucky in evading British cruisers on the homeward as on the outward voyage.

It is necessary to remember that, although the first person is used throughout this work, it is not Napoleon that really speaks, but Jomini. Upon some questions, however, the opinion of an experienced staff-officer is equally valuable with that of a general. The invasion of England is considered by the author to be possible, although difficult. "The descent once made, the capture of London was almost certain." Ten hours only would be required for landing 150,000 disciplined and victorious soldiers upon a coast destitute of fortifications and undefended by a regular army. It was under the protection of a fleet collected in the Antilles, and coming from thence with all sail to Boulogne, that this passage was to be effected. Fifty vessels sailing from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, Cadiz, and would unite at Martinique. Their departure would make England tremble for the two Indies, and while the British fleets were in search of them at the Cape of Good Hope and in the sea of the Antilles, these vessels would unite before Boulogne and secure the landing upon the English coast. So far we have an intelligible statement of the plan which Napoleon is known to have entertained, and of which he attempted the partial execution by ordering Villeneuve's fleet to the West Indies. But the author goes on to consider what English patriotism could have done for the defence of English soil. "This patriotism would have been an obstacle under any circumstances, but, preceded by a declaration of democratic principles, we should have found partisans enough in England to paralyse the rest of the nation." It is no reproach to Jomini that he did not understand England; and he adds, very fairly, that experience alone could decide this question of the utility of propagandism in causing disunion among her people. "It has never been tried." We think, however, that English statesmen of the year 1804, while entertaining profound respect for the vast military and naval resources of Napoleon, and for the skill and perseverance with which he directed them against their country, would have treated with just contempt the notion that English patriotism was likely to be affected by a declaration of democratic principles. Napoleon's grandiloquent proclamations had, under favourable circumstances, wonderful success, but they would have been lamentably unappreciated in England. After further discussion of possibilities it was concluded that at all events a menace would cost nothing, and, as Napoleon had no other employment for his troops, he might as well arrange them on the coast as anywhere else. About this time he was meditating the establishment of the French Empire, and it is curious to observe that General Halleck, like many other Americans, has a lurking sympathy for Imperialism. In a note upon the passage which describes the sort of strong government which France was supposed to require, it is said that the opinions here given are rather those of European than of American statesmen. "They are stated with great fairness and candour, and are well worthy of consideration." The strong Government which Napoleon proposed to establish was to be hereditary, and vested in a single individual. The head of the nation was to be assisted by consulting assemblies, "which should have all the power requisite for a good council, but not sufficient to enable them to arrest the car of State for the sake of Utopian theories or personal ambition." We must confess that Napoleon's proposal is here described with sufficient "fairness and candour," and perhaps General Halleck has considered it in connexion with an opinion elsewhere attributed to Napoleon, that if the United States had had "a strong Government" they would long before 1821 have become supreme throughout North America. To the fundamental basis of a council which should give advice which need not be taken were to be added, among other things, "a well-matured system of election," "equality of all citizens," and "a good penal code for the press, and a tribunal of censure composed of just and worthy men, not subject to removal from office." Such a system would have been calculated to promote the security and grandeur of the nation, and the public tranquillity, and to put the public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers, who think to guide the State by unmeaning phrases. This is a tolerably just description of Imperialism as it now exists in France. It may be inferred from General Halleck's note that he thinks this sort of thing very well for France, or for Europe generally, but unsuitable for America. We must protest, however, that the principle of liberty belongs equally to both hemispheres. A public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers means, we suppose, despotism. No doubt Napoleon contemplated that his despotism should be wise and just, as despots always do. The penal code for the press was to be good. The censors were to be just and worthy. The elections were to be well-matured, or, as we should say, concocted. The consulting assemblies were not to be allowed to arrest the car of State, or, in other words, grievances were not to have precedence of supply; but then there would never be any real grievances, and supplies would always be expended judiciously and economically. However, France wished for greatness, and her Government could not be successful unless it were strong. Accordingly the Empire was established. Then came the organization of the Grand Army. The military characters of its chiefs are sketched, and the inference is drawn that, with the exception of Massena, Soult, and perhaps Davoust, there was no one capable of commanding a separate army. "I thought, however, that these three were more than necessary at that period, when I myself could direct the grand operations, and had more need of valiant lieutenants than of able colleagues." For some time after the rupture of the Peace of

Amiens England alone confronted France, and the strength which France derived from the Imperial system was to have been employed in subjugating England. But Villeneuve and the other French Admirals did not succeed in contriving the opportunity for which the Grand Army waited in its seaside camps. Diversions were attempted hither and thither, but the British Channel fleet never quitted its station off Brest except to put into Plymouth. Meanwhile Pitt had organized a new coalition, and the Grand Army exchanged its weary encampment opposite England for the exciting marches and splendid triumphs which carried it to the capital of Austria. Napoleon is made to say of Austerlitz:—

Of all the pitched battles which I have gained I pride myself most on this, both on account of the enemy over which I triumphed, and on account of the perfect success of all my combinations. This success was as perfect as if I had commanded the two armies, and the manœuvres had been previously agreed upon.

During the march on Vienna, which preceded Austerlitz, came news of the battle of Trafalgar, and all Napoleon's astonishing success against Austria and Russia was necessary to console him for this disaster:—

This battle, which perhaps decided the empire of the world, if that empire depended on England or France, cost the victors only 1,600 men killed and wounded; a remarkable example of the difference of war on sea and land.

After this defeat the French fleets were no longer able to show themselves at sea, but Napoleon was incessantly revolving plans for creating new navies at Antwerp, Copenhagen, in Italy, and even in Greece. Whatever naval genius had existed either in the North or South of Europe was to be revived, and directed against England. "The remainder of my reign was spent in making preparations for a new contest with the English leopard." Jomini wrote calmly, and for the most part fairly, and his testimony is conclusive that from this time England had no choice but war or submission to Napoleon's will.

#### RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ENGLAND.\*

IT is always entertaining and often instructive to hear what an intelligent foreigner has to say about us, and we cannot regret that M. Alphonse Esquiros has followed up his former essay on our domestic habits by another on the religious life of England. The subject was sketched with considerable power and scrupulous fairness, though in some respects very inaccurately, by Dr. Dollinger, in his work on *The Church and the Churches*. M. Esquiros has had further opportunities, from long residence in this country, for forming a correct estimate, and he has made excellent use of them. He writes too in a tone of very decided sympathy, we might almost say preference, for our religious institutions and principles, in which lies, as he thinks, the true secret of our constitutional freedom. We must indeed demur to the sweeping assertion that both in the Old and the New World representative government has been the normal and exclusive product of Protestantism. It dates in England from long before the Reformation, and our national peculiarities, as distinguished from other European States, depend on many other circumstances in our character and history besides the religious difference which is partly their effect. As to the New World, again, the author might have remembered that the Pilgrim Fathers carried with them to America a system of minute and meddlesome despotism worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition, while the Roman Catholic settlers in Maryland at once established representative government. History is too vast and complicated a theme, and there are too many counter-influences at work in it, for the rough and ready method of *post hoc propter hoc* to supply a satisfactory interpretation of its problems. But M. Esquiros does not set up for an historian, and in the line which he has specially chosen he has succeeded, on the whole, with admirable felicity.

He writes, as we have said, with a strong sympathy for English Protestantism, viewed rather in its social and political than its theological aspects; and he can even see in the brawlings of an Easter vestry a healthy exercise of "the right of contradiction" which we have wisely placed at the base of our social edifice, and in our multiplicity of religious sects, which he reckons at thirty-six, "one of the chief safeguards of religious liberty." It is difficult sometimes to avoid a smile at his somewhat idealized pictures, as when he speaks of the happy matrimonial facilities of the newly-ordained youth whose eloquence and religious zeal "become involuntary means of fascination with the feebler and more enthusiastic sex." And we hardly know whether the graceful compliment paid to their "flaxen tresses and fascinating blue eyes" will reconcile the daughters of our country rectors to being told that they are usually such "accomplished Greek scholars" that they find themselves "wedded to Greek all their lives"; for the unintellectual young men of the day are quite afraid of marrying such paragons of classical perfection. There are, moreover, several points of detail, though the real wonder is that there are not many more, on which M. Esquiros has made mistakes. Thus we are informed in one place that a newly-ordained curate is obliged to remain two years a deacon; and again that it is "the general rule" for the Archbishop of York to succeed to Canterbury, though Dr. Longley is only the fifth archbishop who has so succeeded in the course of five centuries, and that "a

bishop is installed, the archbishop enthroned." It is not surprising that a foreigner should fail to comprehend the mystery of a *congé d'élire*, and we are accordingly informed that the chapters have lost their old right of electing bishops, who are now nominated by the Crown like deans; but it is rather amusing to find him asserting that the canon passed by Convocation, in 1865, to relax the stringency of clerical subscription, was "a measure rendering subscription obligatory" for the first time, and a proof of the growing power of Convocation. Some of his historical slips are less excusable, as, for instance, the extraordinary statement that the Reformation in England "proceeded mainly from the clergy and from the people," which is pretty nearly the exact opposite of the true state of the case. Nearly all the clergy, and the great body of the people, were notoriously opposed to it till Mary's burnings turned the tide of popular feeling. Nor is it much more correct to call the ejection of Puritan ministers at the Restoration the English St. Bartholomew's Day. It is a lesser error to make Fisher Archbishop of Canterbury, and to repeat the common blunder lately exposed by Dr. Hook, about the origin and object of the Lollards' Tower. But notwithstanding occasional blemishes of this kind it is marvellous that a French writer should have been able to appreciate so accurately, and enter so heartily into, the various phases of religious thought and life under a system so different from any that he can be familiar with in his own country. His description of the ordinary life of an English parish, with its church and schools, might for the most part have been written by an English incumbent, though the French regularity of system ascribed indiscriminately to all English parsonages, beginning with the breakfast bell at eight in the morning and ending with tea and music, may strike us as somewhat overdrawn. He is even at home in the too famous controversy about the Conscience Clause, and has the *Essays and Reviews* case at his fingers' ends. But it is still more in some of his passing remarks that he shows his thorough familiarity with his subject. Thus he quite understands the distinction between the Church of England as "a State Church which is not paid by the State" and the stipendiary system of ecclesiastical payments in France, and the fact, so strange to a foreigner, that the clergy maintain the Church, by the money which so many of them bring to it, almost as much as the Church maintains the clergy. Nor has he been less careful in his study of "the Dissenting denominations," who have a chapter devoted to them, including a full report of a baptism at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. This reminds us, by the by, that he is mistaken in connecting the English Baptists with the German Anabaptists of a century earlier. The Baptist sect originated in 1636, not as here stated in 1608, long after the "Mennonites" had ceased to exist. Unitarianism is described, with perfect accuracy, as more a system of philosophy than of religion, though desirous of adhering to Christian forms, and as prevailing exclusively among the wealthy classes. We were not aware that the hymn-books used in their chapels were "composed of extracts from Byron, Coleridge, and Cowper."

M. Esquiros's general estimate of English religion may be summed up in his statement that nowhere can you find "a clergy more devoted to their duties, and a more believing people." And the ground of this he takes to be that "those forms of religion which number among them the fewest unbelievers are precisely those which demand the fewest sacrifices of reason and liberty of conscience." He writes more as an observer than a critic, and much of the book would be more interesting to foreigners than to those already familiar with what it so graphically delineates. But some of the chapters—as, for instance, those on Parish Schools and on the Dissenters—contain a considerable amount of interesting information and statistics. The last four chapters on Missions to the Heathen have only a remote connexion with the general subject of the book. The last indeed is entirely occupied with an examination of the religious condition of the Chinese and Hindoos. It is certainly curious, if true, to find that our theological controversies are keenly discussed among the worshippers of Buddha, and "the name of Bishop Colenso as well known in the bazaars of Benares as in the schools of Oxford"; nay, that English missionaries find themselves confronted in their attempts to convert the natives by arguments drawn from *Essays and Reviews* and Renan's *Vie de Jésus*. The prominent fact which naturally strikes M. Esquiros about our missionary efforts is that they are supported by society at large, and not by Government, as would be the case in his own country. And he illustrates this by a detailed account of the origin and growth of the Bible Society, the "S. P. G.," and the Church Missionary Society. It seems that the capital annually expended on missionary work by Churchmen and Dissenters together amounts to about a million of money. Our author does not throw much light on the results, in the way of conversion, which have followed from this vast expenditure, and we fear that it has, as a rule, been much cry and little wool.

Of the state of parties in the Church of England, and their historical development, M. Esquiros has given a very fair account, though not nearly so elaborate as that contained in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Gilbert Thierry. As coming from an outsider, the following sketch of the principles and mutual relations of the High and Low Church schools strikes us as very appreciative, and it will also serve as a sample of the author's style, which is clear and idiomatic:—

What, then, are the essential points which form the ground of difference between these two classes of religious opinion? High Churchmen reproach

\* *Religious Life in England*. By Alphonse Esquiros. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.



the other party with the narrowness of their views, their anomalous Calvinism, and their comparative inaction in the midst of society. "Instead of quietly sitting down," they urge, "amid the decay of the Church, and weeping over the errors of the times, why do not you exert yourselves, and endeavour to improve the age in which you live?"

Low Churchmen, on the other hand, impute to their opponents, that they yield, according to their tastes, to two very opposite tendencies, one leaning towards Romanism, the other towards Rationalism. The truth is, that High Churchmen admit, as a scarcely secondary authority, the validity of tradition, as represented by the Fathers and Ecumenical Councils; whilst Low Churchmen recognise the authority of the Holy Scriptures only. The former place high importance on the ecclesiastical hierarchy, on sacraments, rites, rubrics, and ceremonies; the latter care but little for all these things, and give their principal attention to the cultivation of preaching.

Those High Churchmen who, by their published or well-known opinions, defy the suspicion of idolatry, do not always escape the imputation of infidelity, which is the name given here to every shade of Rationalism. Under the equally strange epithet of *Latitudinarians* the Low-Church organs follow up their attacks those divines whose opinions appear to the former to spread beyond the limits of orthodoxy. For it must be observed, that this independence of outward signs, and simplicity of public worship, which more or less distinguish Low Churchmen, do not always represent any great extent of moral liberty. Their minds very often emancipate themselves from the control of ecclesiastical formularies only to succumb to the very letter of a book, or to some tenet as painful as that of predestination.

One chapter gives an interesting account of the author's visit to Lambeth Palace and to Canterbury. In the former he is specially impressed with the long line of portraits of former Archbishops, among whom he singles out "the noble martyr who was burnt at Oxford," and next to him, "like a bloodstain, Cardinal Pole"—a criticism against which we must, in the name of historical justice, enter our protest, notwithstanding Mr. Froude's determined attempt to make Pole responsible for the policy he did his best to avert. The uninterrupted succession of ancient and modern Primates in the picture gallery suggests to M. Esquiros the continuity of the Anglican Church, in which "the Reformation" is neither a gap nor a severance, but merely a development. He seems to have picked up some good stories during his residence in a country village, and with one of the best of them we will conclude our notice of this entertaining volume. There was a parish where the squire never went to church. One day the clergyman proposed to ask the prayers of the congregation for him. "Why so?" said the squire, much astonished at the suggestion. "Because," replied the rector, "you never pray for yourself."

#### JOANNE'S GUIDE TO NORMANDY.

WHENEVER we sit in judgment on a Guide-Book, we must, if only as a matter of form, renew our usual protest about the system of laying out guides in routes. If we happen to be going the same road as the author, it is the most convenient of all ways; if we happen to be going any other road, it is the most inconvenient of all ways. We go in therefore for the *tertium quid* of the alphabetical plan, which remains always at an intermediate point of convenience. We do not mean that all the places in all France, or in all Normandy, need be put in alphabetical order; they may well be primarily grouped under some much smaller divisions. You may, if you like, take hundreds, or *arrondissements*, or artificial squares on the map. Anything will do when you are used to it. And any one of them, with a little practice, puzzles you less than a system which assumes, for instance, that no man can get to Salisbury except by going from London to Exeter, while in point of fact you are getting to Salisbury by the road from Southampton to Bristol. M. Joanne goes a step further than all others by assuming that everybody must start from Paris. He therefore deals with the country between Paris and Mantes as fully as if it were part of Normandy, as fully—shall we say?—as if the great William's horse had never stumbled. Now it is easy to get in and out of Normandy from many parts of France, as it is from all parts of England, without going to Paris at all. Some of the newly-made French railways bid fair to be happy instruments of decentralization. When we wish thoroughly to enjoy the *Terra Northmannorum*, and when we have done with it, to get out again by way of Le Mans or Amiens, it is rather hard to have Capetian Paris thrust in our teeth at the very beginning of our book.

Otherwise, we have no doubt about setting M. Joanne's Norman Guide-Book very high indeed in its class. We shall be delighted to see and to use the other parts of the series as they come out, and we do not fear that we shall be able to give the same good report of them which we can with a good conscience give of the one now before us. We never saw a Guide-Book fuller or more accurate, and it is almost lavishly supplied with maps. We have a map of each of the five departments into which the ruthless revolutionists cut up the old Duchy, and of which we must say that La Manche and Calvados are capable of acquiring a nearer approach to a meaning than any of their fellows, except the two historical departments, Gironde and La Vendée. But besides these five, M. Joanne also gives us a map of Seine-and-Oise, for which we did not ask him. Etampes is a most attractive spot, but it is not Normandy, and then, in the middle of Seine and Oise, like a black spot in a white camel's skin, or like Midhurst in the middle of New Shoreham, comes the Department—and with the Department, the Prefect—of the Seine.

Instead of a map of Seine and Oise, we should have been unreasonable enough to ask for a map of all Normandy, of course on a smaller scale than those of the several departments. It is wanted for every purpose, geographical and historical. But we highly approve of the plan of introducing departmental maps. They accustom us to understand and remember the departments, and, as the departments are there, and as they are used for all official purposes, it is distinctly desirable, hard as it is, to understand and remember them. But the system of routes here again supplies a difficulty. The maps are arranged by departments; the routes naturally pay no regard to them. Hence the places which you are reading about may be in one part of the book, while your map is in quite another part, perhaps even with two or three other maps which at the moment you do not want coming in between it and you.

Still we do not remember to have ever come across a guide-book which tells us so much, and that in such a business-like kind of way. The amount of matter is prodigious, and there is no sort of fine writing or needless talk. The accounts of buildings are remarkably full and, for the most part, remarkably accurate. M. Joanne has here naturally drawn very largely upon the labours of M. de Caumont. In truth, from the very fact that Normandy and, above all, the Department of Calvados, has been so thoroughly worked by the local antiquaries, Normandy is hardly a fair test of M. Joanne's powers in this way. We know not how he might succeed in any country where he might be, so to speak, called on to walk alone. But it is a great thing for the maker of a guide-book to go to the best sources, and to be able to understand and apply what he finds in the best sources. And this M. Joanne most emphatically does. But in another important respect the book is not so satisfactory as it is in the architectural line. There is a distinct lack of attention to the early events of Norman history. Those events of French history which happened on Norman ground are for the most part carefully mentioned; but the events of Norman history proper seem to be mentioned or not at haphazard. The battle of Varaville is noted, but not the battle of Mortemer; we have the siege of Alençon, but not the siege of Domfront. In some cases it seems to depend on whether M. de Caumont had anything to say about the matter or not, which, as M. de Caumont's subject was not architecture but military history, is hardly a fair test. Thus the little that M. Joanne has to tell us about Val-ès-dunes is put out of its place, because M. de Caumont, whether wisely or not, thought good to set up a commemorative column, not on the field of battle, but by the nearest high road, with a view of guiding people to the spot. At Brionne we get no mention of William's famous siege, three years long, according to Orderic, nor of the fact that the present castle, overhanging the town, though of the twelfth or eleventh century, is not the original castle of Guy of Burgundy, which stood on an island in the Risle. Still, it is, on the whole, in these less frequented places that we feel the real use of such a guide as that of M. Joanne, especially in comparison, we must say it, with our native Murray. Of course, in a book which treats of all France, we cannot look for the same fullness as in a book which treats of Normandy only; but Murray, when he gets off beaten tracks, is very poor. Fancy, by the way, being told that the Côtentin, the *pagus Constantinus*, is "so called from the 'côtes,'—coasts, which border it on three sides." Murray makes a strange jumble of Brionne, confounding the elder and the later castles—a process distinctly more misleading than M. Joanne's complete omission of the elder one. Murray as good as tells people not to go to Bec Herlouin, which, if Bec Herlouin were not Bec Herlouin, it would still be worth while doing, on account of the lovely walk from Brionne. Alençon is honoured with a non-existent Cathedral, as also is Dinan in Brittany, and there is not a word to imply that William ever set foot at Alençon. Val-ès-dunes is forgotten altogether, so are such interesting towns as Aumale and Neufchâtel, or rather Neufchâtel is mentioned only for its "cylindrical cream-cheeses." And, to go a little way into France proper, we find "About five miles from Gournay is the Abbey Church of St. Germes, as grand and large as a cathedral of the thirteenth cent." Conceive the state of mind of a writer who can talk in this sort of way, as if there was some mysterious effect in being the see of a bishop, and if St. Alban's would necessarily be flattered by a comparison with St. Asaph. M. Joanne does not give such scant measure to a most wonderful building, which, though it does not come strictly within his province, is yet most likely to be visited from a point within his province. St. Germer (not Germer) is most easily got at from the Norman town of Gournay, and it must be confessed that the minster of Gournay is altogether outdone by the minster of St. Germer. The building has suffered a good deal by the loss of towers and through the spoiling of its west front; but it still remains, with its main body a magnificent example of the later Romanesque, while, added on at the east end, much after the fashion of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, is a Lady Chapel much after the type of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris.

The difference we take to be that Mr. Murray's writer, though he often tries, cannot really take in the notion of anybody travelling except what is called "en prince." But people who go "en prince" can never really see any country. M. Joanne's ideas are far more practical:—

10 fr. par jour, ou 300 fr. par mois (frais de transport compris) doivent encore suffire à des jeunes gens qui voyagent trois ou quatre ensemble, font un certain nombre de courses à pied, savent, dans l'occasion, porter leur petit bagage eux-mêmes, prennent cependant quand cela devient nécessaire, des

\* *Itinéraire Général de la France.* Par Adolphe Joanne. Normandie. Avec 7 cartes et 4 plans. Paris: L. Hachette & Co. 1866.

porteurs, des guides, des bateaux et des voitures particulières, et se logent même, sauf dans certaines villes, dans les hôtels de première classe. Pour une femme qui ne peut jamais porter son bagage, la dépense quotidienne doit s'élever, en moyenne, à 15 ou 20 fr.

Carrying a knapsack is an excellent institution "pour les jeunes gens." Middle-aged travellers, especially if they are beginning to present a personal likeness to William the Conqueror, may perhaps ask to be let off from it. But M. Joanne has hit the right nail on the head. A man who is not ready to make good use of his own legs, and to put up, on occasion, with lodging-places which are not altogether magnificent, will come away with a very poor knowledge of Normandy or any other country. And we hope Mr. Murray will not be shocked, if we say not only a man but a woman also. We have known several scholars and men of science in various branches, whose wives, though certainly not undertaking, as M. Joanne half suggests, to carry their own luggage, have accompanied their husbands on journeys at which Mr. Murray would have stood aghast, and they have certainly lost nothing by their pious daring.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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CONTENTS OF No. 660, JUNE 29, 1867:

|                             |  |   |
|-----------------------------|--|---|
| Details of the Reform Bill. | The Irish Church.                        | The Hero of Queretaro.                      |
| Rome in Consistory.         | Future Elections.                        | Railways.                                   |
| The Cretan Insurrection.    | Sheffield and the Trades' Unions.        |   |
| Mock Holland House.         | Democracy and Reform.                    | Lord Shaftesbury.                           |
| A Charity Gone Astray.      | The Irish Convicts and their Grievances. | Tithes of Moore.                            |
| Harvest Prospects.          | Philharmonic Concerts.                   |   |
| St. Jerome.—Amédée Thierry. | Brande and Cox's Dictionary.             | Hommes et Dieux.                            |
| Pompeii.                    | No Man's Friend.                         | Halleck's Translation of Jomini's Napoleon. |
|                             | Religious Life in England.               | Joanne's Guide to Normandy.                 |

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. LAST CONCERT of the Season, Monday, July 1. Bennett's Symphony in G minor (composed expressly for the Society); Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Concerto (No. 4), Piano-forte, Herr Rubinstein; Overture, Columbus and Jubilee. Vocalists, Madlle. Tiliens, Madlle. Nilsson, and Mr. T. Höher. Reserved Seats, 12s.—L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 62 New Bond Street, W.

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J. ELLA, Director.

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**THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—NOTICE** IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Saturday, the 13th day of July next, the Senate of the Queen's University will proceed to ELECT EXAMINERS in the following Subjects, and at the Salaries stated, to hold such Examinations during the ensuing Year as are now, or may be, appointed by the Senate. The Examinations will begin on the 24th of September. Salaries commence from the next Quarter-day after Election.

| Subject.   | Salary. |
|--|---------|
| Law.....   | 400     |
| Jurisprudence and Political Economy.....         | 40      |
| Medicine.....                                    | 100     |
| Surgery.....                                     | 100     |
| Midwifery, &c.....                               | 75      |
| Maternal Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence..... | 100     |

Application to be made, by Letter addressed to me, on or before the 8th of July. Applications received after that date will not be considered.

By Order, G. JOHNSTON STONEY, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary.

Queen's University, Dublin Castle.

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JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

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Dublin Castle, June 25, 1867.

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